CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLIX, NO. 29 CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1921. 5 CENTS A COPY.

Useless Use

The Story of a Strange Money Making Scheme

By Robert Ordway Foote

HARRY R. GRISSINGER

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1921, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. XLIX. JULY 16, 1921. NO 29.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

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Sandy Bend Justice

Judge Hoke Hands Out Some More

"THERE is one thing I want to beat into your skulls," said Judge Hoke, as he opened his court at Sandy Bend. "For thirty years we have fought civilization. We kept shooting away at it and keeping it off, and thinking we could always keep it up, when we have been licked at last. It has got right here among us, in spite of what we could do, and our tears and lamentations will all go for nothing. Sandy Bend is so near civilized at this moment that nothing else is needed—nothing but a newspaper.

"We have made a glorious fight of it, but we have been downed. We have got to accept things as they are, and the less fuss we make about it the better.

"Just think of it a moment! We had an election the other day, just like other towns have, and we 'lowed everybody to vote five times if he wanted to. Ain't that the way they do in Chicago and New York? I was elected mayor. I now stand as Judge Hoke, the mayor, and owner of The Red Dog Saloon. I have always run this town and am going to run it more than ever now. I am going to see that the laws are obeyed, and when the law ain't strong enough, I am going to shoot two-handed. That's civilization, and I am coming out strong for it.

"For a hundred years, after it was founded, New York City didn't have any more civilization than has jumped in on us during the last two weeks. We now have clam chowder and white shirts, and yesterday they commenced running street cars. Some of you boys are hanging back on us. You can't recognize that there's a change and that you have got to take off your hats to it. Well, I am going to make you do it.

"In the first place, there got to be a change of names among you. We have here such names as Awful Pete, Terrible Tom, Bluemurder Jake, Panther Frank, Tornado Bill, Cyclone Hank, Killher Jim, and so on. You can get together some time this afternoon and shoot the stuffing out of those names and bury them. We ain't a-goin' to scare folks no more.

"What's a gun for? It's for shootin', of course. Who do you want to shoot? Nobody. Then why carry a gun around with you? You just go right out of business by hanging your guns up in your shanties. If you get mad at a man call him a liar, the same as the brokers do in Wall Street, and that will be sufficient.

"Joseph Wheelack, stand up! You was determined to fight Civilization to the last. What did you do when the first street car made its first trip, and was filled with passengers, but jump on the hind platform and point your two guns at the passengers and demand their cash. You was used to robbin' stages an' you couldn't give it up. You was knocked down by one of the boys and they took away your guns and gave you a good pounding. That ain't enough, however. I am goin' to fine you twenty-five dollars and cost."

"Can't a feller have a little fun?" asked the prisoner.

"No, not with Civilization," replied the Judge, "it is too serious a thing to fool with. You just pay the fine, and walk out and do some thinking. If you don't like Civilization, you must go somewhere else, for the plug hat will be here within another week.

"William Tompkins, who used to call yourself Wildcat Bill, what did you do last Sunday afternoon? Why, you and John Tavers committed a sacrilege."

"What is that, Judge? I never heard the name before."

"I am going to tell you what it is. How you got hold of a Gospel Book, I don't know. It was a surprising thing to find it in Sandy Bend, but you got it, somehow."

"My dear old mother sent it to me by mail," explained the prisoner.

"Oh, she did, eh?" answered the Judge. "Now, Tavers he got a Bible. Maybe his dear old mother sent it to him by mail. I will find out about it pretty soon. Let's go on with your case, first. Now then, you bet your Gospel Book against Taver's Bible that your bronk could beat his horse in a race. You won the bet and took both Bible and Hymn Book and chucked them into a barrel of ashes. That's sacrilege, Bill, and the meanest kind, and you are goin' to be punished for it. I shall fine you twenty dollars and you go and bring those precious books here and leave them on my desk.

"Now, Tavers, it's your turn. Where did you get that Bible?"

"My dear old mother sent it to me by mail."

"Oh, she did, eh? What did she send it to you for?"

"She sent it so I might understand how Jonah swallered the Whale."

"I see. Well, I fine you twenty dollars for havin' a dear, old mother, and I fine you twenty more on Jonah's account. You two fellers want to look sharp after this. Gospel Hymn Books and Bibles and Jonah's are goin' to be respected in Sandy Bend, and the man who treats them otherwise will come to grief.

"James Thorton, who used to call yourself Graveyard Jim, you stand up and hear what I have got to say. You was playin' poker with other men in my Red Dog saloon the other night, and for a time I stood right behind you. In one of your hands I saw you playin' with six cards, and you had two more up your sleeve. No great harm was done because you lost the pot, anyhow, but I want to tell you boys that this kind of work has got to stop. I ain't down on poker-playin' and civilization ain't down on it. Most everybody plays it from Congressmen down. It's a most enticin' thing when you play it square and honest. I wouldn't blame a Chicago preacher for takin' a hand, and they tell me that the ladies of the highest standin' in New York sometimes sit up all night to play the game. What you did, prisoner, was with the intent to cheat and to swindle, and it was just about the same as highway robbery. You haven't any dear old mother to advise you to do such things, and I shall, therefore, only fine you ten dollars. If you are caught at it again, look out that you don't pay fifty dollars' fine.

"We have before us here, Maggie Cline of the Sunset Dance House. I told you, Maggie, three months ago, that you had got to stop your high-kickin'. You promised to do so. You said you had got tired of it, anyhow, and wanted to give your legs a rest. Sunday evenin' I dropped into the hall to see if you was carryin' out your promise, and you was kickin' higher than ever. What have you got to say to this?"

"I will tell you how it was, Judge," said Maggie. "I promised there should be no more high kicks, and I intended to keep my promise, but when I told Mr. Jackson about it he told me to go right on with my high-kickin' or I would have to give up my place. I couldn't get another job within 400 miles of this place and so I felt that I had to stay."

"Huh! that was the way of it, eh?" replied the Judge. "Well, you are not entirely to blame, but whatever I say must go. I will let you off with a fine of five dollars and I don't think you will kick high any more.

"Mr. Jackson, you stand up! You have got to run your dance hall on new lines after this. There's to be no more high-kickin' an' you can bet your bottom dollar on that! Miss Maggie told you that I had been there and she had promised, but you drove her to high-kickin' just the same. Your bluff won't go in this court. I fine you one hundred dollars and if there is any more high-kickin' I will run you out of this town. The ladies of New York, Boston and Chicago don't do any high-kickin' and the ladies of Sandy Bend are not goin' to do it. That's all, an' my court now stands adjourned and we will go out and bathe in civilization."

I carry $100,000 life insurance for your protection. See my advertisement on last page of this issue of the CHICAGO LEDGER.

EUGENE C. HOWE, Trustee.—Adv.

Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

A Complete Change.

"But are you taking your husband away with you on your trip?"

"Oh, yes. The doctor says I must have a complete change."

Affection's Fount.

Wife (pleadingly)—I'm afraid, Jack, you do not love me any more—anyway, not as well as you used to.

Husband—Why?

Wife—Because you always let me get up to light the fire now.

Husband—Nonsense, my love! Your getting up to light the fire makes me love you all the more.

The Tender Feeling.

"My George is so sweet and tender!" she sighed, soulfully. "Today he told me he loved the very ground I walk on!"

"Yeah," interjected dad. "And this morning he was snooping around the record office to find out whether it was all in your name."

Comparatively Fortunate.

A man rushed into a cigar store. "This cigar you sold me," he said, "it's—it's simply frightful."

"Well, you needn't complain," said the cigar store keeper. "You've only got one. I've got thousands of the darned things."

No Time Like the Present.

"Have you painted anything that will live after you have gone?"

"No. What I'm striving for is something that will enable me to live while I'm here."

Sure Remedy.

Host—Gosh! I'm tired! Can't you make the guests break away soon?

Hostess—Yes, I wish they would go, but I can't chase them out.

Host—No, but couldn't you play a little piano selection for them?

Back to Nature.

Male—I understand they're doing away with sorority pins.

Female—How's that?

Male—There's nothing to pin 'em to any more.

He Knew the Effects.

A certain London magistrate was possessed of a dry wit. He was taking coffee in his club one summer evening when a fellow member remarked that hot coffee was not a good summer drink. "You should take cooling drinks," he aided. "Have you ever tried gin and ginger beer?"

"No," answered the magistrate, "but I've tried a number of men who have."

From First to Last.

Henry was called from his play about 4 o'clock one afternoon recently, his sister saying:

"Time to clean up; come on."

Henry, who is dutiful, looked up and inquired:

"I gotta take a bath?"

"Yes, sir!"

"A whole one?"

Laughter drowned the answer.

Brain Teasers.

Bird Initial States.

113—1. Arrange six birds one under the other so that their initials give the name of one of the Pacific States.

2. Arrange seven birds one under the other so that their initials give the name of a Southern State.

3. Arrange nine birds one under the other so that their initials give the name of one of the Northern States.

Word Squares.

I.

114—My first is what you are doing now.
My second is a lake in North America.
My third means troubles.
My fourth is used to work upon.

II.

My first sings sweet songs.
My second is a thought.
My third is a tear.
My fourth is a fruit.

Enigma.

115—I am composed of 12 letters. My 9-2-6-12-11 form a spring flower.
My 3-7-10-5 form an outer garment of clothing.
My 1-4-8 form a big truck.
My whole we are now enjoying.

Anagram.

116—My first is in Grace but not in Mary.
My second is in Claude but not in Harry.
My third is in May but not in Ray.
My fourth is in Joe but not in John.
My fifth is in Fred but not in Tom.
My whole is the name of a boy.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

109—Hidden States.

1. Maine. 2. Alaska. 3. Nevada. 4. Oregon. 5. Utah. 6. Montana. 7. Missouri.

110—Charade.

Girl.

111.—Beheadings and Curtailings.

1. Plates, late. 2. Kirks, irk. 2. Glands, land. 4. Larks, ark. 5. Masters, aster.

112.—Changed Primals.

1. Lake, cake. 2. Wave, cave, save.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain tensers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Eveless Isle

BY

ROBERT ORDWAY FOOTE

PRIMARILY, the idea of a gambling paradise—or hell, according to viewpoint—originated with Herbert Sanford. If Sanford had not been skinned of everything he had with him except his eyeteeth in a crooked crap game at Old Town, across the border, there never would have been an Eveless Isle.

Neither, however, would there have been an Eveless Isle but for John Wotkyns. The isle would have been there and it might have been made a Mecca for gambling high-life, but never would it have been Eveless but for Wotkyns. He was, perhaps, the only man in the world who would have held that a gaming, liquor resort could be made a success without women; with women in fact absolutely barred from even landing upon its shores. Certainly, he was the only man who could have carried thru that idea. Why he carried it thru, why he insisted so stubbornly on his edict, "Women Barred," no one knew—until they knew all that ever was publicly learned about Eveless Isle.

That was not for long months after Herbert Sanford, respectable publisher of "glad" books, had lost the roll which he had fondly imagined was to meet the expenses of a lazy six months' rest in sunshine land. He lost it in half an evening, beneath the flaming gasoline torches in the patio of an adobe dice-joint where even the house employes were cross-eyed, so crooked was the game. Had he stayed in the American owned casino over by the race track this would not have happened, jocular friends told him. Or at least his trimming would not have been quite so speedy. He would have had more action for his money, he was so frequently assured, that he included the entire gambling town, new and old, in his anathemas.

When he crossed the border, with the reckless determination that he was willing to drop a hundred or so for an afternoon's excitement, Herbert Sanford was unconsciously succumbing to a temptation which had beset him all his business life. Publisher of wishy-washy books allegedly calculated to make the world better, and highly successful in making the intellectual snicker, he had invariably taken the time to read the hair-breadth manuscript novels which aspiring, if ill-informed, authors sent to him. Always he had wanted to publish one of those bloody, splendid tales and always prudence had counseled refusal. Now, for a few hours, he proposed to live in that atmosphere which he had so often vicariously and secretly enjoyed in the privacy of his inner office.

It was a costly excursion into the realm of adventure and exceedingly tame adventure at that. Sanford crossed the border with five thousand dollars carefully distributed about his person. He returned by virtue of a round trip bus ticket and a five dollar bill that a generous Mexican robber tossed him nonchalantly, while lighting a cigarette with its mate, to show how little value was put upon Herbert's money.

The loss of the five thousand was hardly crippling. Publishing "glad" books was at one time a most profitable enterprise. The loss of a prestige he had never enjoyed, as a budding man of the world, was more keenly painful to Sanford. He had made friends here in the West, "reckless fellows" who would as soon play golf for a ball a hole as a dime; who would sit up until 2 a. m. over a dollar limit game and who usually made expenses when they crossed the border in search of real gambling. To be the butt of ridicule of these new friends with whom he aspired to associate as a regular fellow was deeply humiliating to Herbert. He must find some means of clearing his reputation. As well to be known as a quitter as to be esteemed an easy mark. Again he cursed the gambling town, over there in Old Mexico, but seventeen miles away.

When Sanford crossed the line on his ill-fated search for adventure, he left a perfectly patient wife in the big, fashionable resort hotel on the California side. That evening thru the dense fog of his misery he finally became aware that his wife had demanded that now, since he had enjoyed his little fling, she was entitled to a measure of attention. Her soul craved a trip to the nearby channel islands, Mexican possessions, to which pleasure yachts operated daily.

By wire the Sanford purse had been replenished and Sanford's lips were sealed against confession of his shortcomings as a gambler. He was moody thruout the water trip, but not from the stomachic causes which his sympathetic wife suspected. The publisher had only to detect the eye of some stranger upon him to imagine that here was some person who had heard of his chagrin and was inwardly chuckling over his susceptibility.

A landing was made in a beautiful harbor on one of the little islands and Sanford's eye at first unfavorably regarded the little valley, studded with occasional eucalyptus groups, which reached back to the hills behind. A noisy guide dilated upon the fact that this was the gem of the islands, carefully cherished by the Mexican governor of adjacent Lower California, who had denied many pleasure exploiters concessions to develop it.

Perhaps it was the charm of the spot, perhaps the healthy generation of an unusual idea which caused the low spirits of Herbert Sanford to begin to rise. Perhaps, also, it was because his previously sour face was now less forbidding, that one of his fellow passengers ventured to approach him.

"Probably you do not remember me, Mr. Sanford," the man said. "I am Nathan Cummings and I once had the pleasure of calling on you, with a manuscript of mine."

Sanford did not remember the man, in the flesh. But in manuscript he was perhaps Cummings' most faithful follower. Cummings was one of the most spirited writers of improbable fiction. Probably because of the fortunes which Sanford had piled up for his "glad" writers, Cummings had never ceased to hope that his books might one day bear the imprint of Herbert Sanford, publisher, tho his common sense told him every time he sent off a manuscript to that house that he was but wasting postage. He did not know that gladly would the postage have been paid by the recipient for the privilege of reading each tale.

"Who Ever Heard of a Fashionable Gambling Resort Without Women?"

It was a standing order in the Sanford establishment that all Cummings' offerings were immediately to be taken to the "old man." With Nathan Cummings, the publisher Sanford had adventured to every wild quarter of the world, had committed a dozen murders, wrecked as many ships and always had seen virtue triumphant. With a sigh Sanford, completing each fascinating tale, had ordered it sent back, because he lacked the courage to publish it.

Tho neither knew it immediately upon this chance meeting, Sanford was now about to give publication, in living form, to a story upon which he was to be the imaginative Mr. Cummings' full collaborator.

Altho he could not remember the previous personal meeting, Sanford welcomed the writer effusively. The cordiality was in part born of nervousness. If there was one man in the world before whom Herbert Sanford would not appear as an easy mark of dishonest gamblers, it was this creator of wild tales, Cummings. Many subjects intimate to the traveler in Western America were discussed and inevitably, try as Sanford would to steer the conversation off, it veered to that which was uppermost in every tourist mind, the den of debauchery, as reformers termed it, which existed so conveniently close across the international line. To the publisher's apprehensive ears came the voice of Cummings saying:

"The fools are making a mine from the place, yet they allow crooked games to exist. Of course, they claim their own casino is straight, and doubtless it is, but in Old Town one is always robbed. They should clean it up. There is one of the biggest fortunes in the world waiting for the man with vision and nerve enough to start a gambling resort just over the border, where an American will know he is absolutely safe. It is a wonder to me that no one with the money has appeared to start one."

"I am contemplating it myself," Herbert Sanford announced in a voice he strove to make steady.

"You! By George, that's what one would expect of a successful man like you. You have the imagination to grasp its possibilities." The sincere admiration which spoke in the writer's tones

was balm to the injured feelings of the publisher, still smarting under a sense of his failure as a man of adventure. "Have you made any definite plans?"

"That island we just left looks good to me for such an establishment," Sanford remarked. The words of the guide, that concessions could not be obtained there, rang in his ears as assurance that he was not going too far. But he should have known better. Was not every obstacle successfully overcome in the writings of Nathan Cummings?

"It is good." Deeper, almost reverential, was the respect that the imaginer of the impossible echoed. "I know how a concession can be got to that island. With proper backing and the right man to run it, the thing is better than a private coin factory. And you are the man who can get the backing."

A little taken off his feet by the sudden expansion of his fleeting notion, Sanford asked:

"Who is the man that could run it?"

"I have had a little experience with gambling institutions myself," Cummings significantly replied. There was no false modesty about him.

LEFT to himself, Sanford would have allowed his wild idea to perish with his return to the mainland. But he was not left to himself. Cummings was a man so trained by his own fancies that no idea appeared impossible. He introduced the publisher to a substantial California banker, Isaac Haas. Sanford was surprised to see how seriously and favorably this man of affairs regarded the gambling-island proposal.

A shrewd man of business, despite his occasional romantic vaporizings, Sanford began to wonder if there was not something in the scheme. As a test he presented the idea to a retired Chicago banker friend of his, now living on the coast. The alacrity with which George Goldman not only commended the idea but demanded to share in the venture almost took the publisher's breath away.

The two bankers, the writer and the publisher were brought together in many conferences, out of which grew the formation of a tentative pool. Two million dollars would be made available, the bankers were willing to guarantee that. All that remained was to settle preliminary details. The most important of these was the decision upon the personality about whom the gigantic schemes was to revolve. Cummings was not slow in advancing his own claims, to have them gently but firmly put aside by the astute backers.

"There is equally important work for you to do," said Haas diplomatically. "Publicity has to put this thing over, after we get it ready. There is where you will shine, Mr. Cummings. But we must have a man of iron nerve and knowledge of every angle of sporting life. That man and the concession. These two we must have, before we go ahead. You say you can get the concession. Are you certain?"

"Yes, but if I can't John Wotkyns can. He has a big pull of some kind with Governor Calles."

Recollection shone in the eyes of George Goldman.

"John Wotkyns also can manage it. You can call me in for any amount if you can persuade him to take charge."

"That's right; John Wotkyns is the man we want," Haas agreed.

Only Herbert Sanford seemed in the dark as to who John Wotkyns might be.

II.

THE top of the long mesa road was a most convenient place for an automobile tire to blow out. A big oak shaded the road there and behind the fence was a stretch of luscious, cool, green alfalfa, backed by orchards which reached to another green sward, of grass this time, before a modern adobe built in the best traditions of the Southwest. A humane ranchman had caused a little drinking fountain to be installed beneath the oak, beside his gate. Above, hanging from the wrought iron grill over the gateway swayed in the breeze the rough plan which told the passer—and he who halted—that this was "Peurta del Sol," the Door of the Sun. Beneath, in modest letters on the mail box was the name, John Wotkyns.

Only shortly after the carefully trained tire on Herbert Cummings' roadster had burst at this particular spot, thanks to loving attention from the owner's pocketknife, a man appeared from down the mesa. On his horse he seemed heavy-set, but when he dismounted to open the gate, with a glance of good-natured commiseration at the troubled autoists, it was evident that his build was merely stocky. Of broad shoulders and strong but not coarse neck, his entire frame was one of substantiality, if such a term may be applied to the human being. His face, square of jaw, wide-spread of eyes, firm of mouth, was expressive of strength in repose.

Cummings sprang up with the light of recognition theatrically apparent in his features.

"I was just wondering if you were my John Wotkyns," he exclaimed, advancing with outstreched hand. "My name is Cummings. I wonder if you remember supplying me with the data that I worked up into the best story I ever wrote? It was one night at New Orleans, just before you went to Juarez to put on the Murphy-Goodman fight."

"Now, Nat Cummings, What Brought You Here?" The Writer Gasped Once. Then, With the Frankness of a Poker Player Who Has Been Called, He Answered: "To Make You King of the Gambling World."

"Oh, yes, I place you now." Wotkyns' handclasp was not cordial, but neither was his manner unfriendly. It was simply manifestation of an air of self-defense, as with a man who has had to meet many men claiming acquaintance.

"I heard you had retired. Couldn't understand it until I saw this place. The West is strong on model ranches, but yours looks a model among models," Cummings continued, undaunted by the coolness of his reception. Diplomacy was his stronghold, he had often assured admirers, and he had come here prepared to put it to a real test.

Wotkyns' face lost a little of its mask of disinterest.

"I like it here," he said simply. "Good place to fix your tire, at least."

"My last spare," Cummings remarked ruefully. "I'll have to patch it."

"Let me know if you need anything." Wotkyns had passed thru the gate and closed it behind him. But he paused politely on the farther side before remounting his sturdy gelding.

"I think I'm well fortified." It took an effort for Cummings to laugh back. This retired gambler was certainly the cold fish he had always been called. "If I don't have luck I may drop in on you later," he finished.

"Do," said the rancher and turned his animal up toward the house at a deliberate walk.

Despite the shade of the oak it was hot work fixing the tire and Cummings labored long and earnestly, in full sight of the adobe. Beneath the brush covered ramada beside it he could see the cool figure of John Wotkyns, swinging slowly back and forth in a rocker, reading a paper. The encouraged leak was honestly a hard job for amateur repairing. For two hours the writer worked at it, until a Mexican boy, drifting idly down the path as if for no purpose at all, delivered the message for which Cummings had been praying.

"John say you better lay off and come up for chuck," the lad announced familiarly.

Cummings accepted with alacrity. This was the opportunity for which he had come and which for a time he had feared was to be denied him thru the monumental coldness of John Wotkyns. The luncheon was served with a room fronting on the patio, a room the atmosphere of which was almost cold after the heat of outside. It was served by the same Mexican lad who had brought the invitation and who called his master John with the same easy and unresented familiarity with which he had referred to him in addressing Cummings.

Taking his cue from their previous unsatisfactory encounter, the writer did not refer again to New Orleans or Juarez, to fights or to the retirement of his host. Instead his voluble conversation was devoted entirely to agriculture, with a constant flow of questions along lines which he was sure, from the appearance of the ranch, Wotkyns could answer. It was feeling himself in distinctly better standing that Cummings took his departure toward the big oak again, soon after the meal was over. There he labored for another hour, before again retracing his steps to the ramada where John Wotkyns still sat. The paper had been laid aside and the man's smile was distinctly more welcoming. Cannily, Cummings concluded that solitude was to prove his ally.

"We'll have to give it up and run on the rim to the nearest garage," he said, sinking into a chair. "That's why I came back to pester you some more. Please tell me where is the nearest garage."

"It's twenty miles," Wotkyns responded. "That will be a hard pull on your engine, running so far on the rim. Are you in a hurry?"

"Never in a hurry," Cummings said lightly. "I'm material hunting, as usual. Going to try to get away from the thrillers and turn rural. That's why I was such an interrogation point at luncheon. Want to learn all I can about farming in this country."

"I can tell you a plenty." John Wotkyns smiled slowly. "God knows I've had enough experience in the twenty years I've spent here since I bought this place two years ago."

Cummings laughed heartily. It was the first sign of unbending from the calm man. But it suited his purpose to be incredulous.

"I should think it would be an ideal life," he commented.

"It is," Wotkyns agreed. "Try it until tomorrow morning and see for yourself. My boy's driving to town tomorrow and will be back in the afternoon. He can bring you another tube and casing, too, if you need one."

With expressions of disinclination to intrude thus upon good nature, Cummings finally persuaded himself with no more urging from Wotkyns, for when he realized that no more was to follow, the writer quickly fell in with the suggestion, lest it be tacitly withdrawn.

Cummings could be good company when he chose and he distinctly chose now. As studiously as at luncheon he avoided any mention of his host's previous occupations or of the Sanford project for a gambling paradise. But when the pleasant evening was over and he was resting in a gratefully soft bed in a comfortably furnished chamber of the adobe, Cummings was forced to tell himself that he knew no more about his host or how to approach him than he had before he came on this errand.

What Cummings had known then was only what all the sporting world knew likewise, that John Wotkyns, not yet forty and recognized from coast to coast as the only gambler who never dealt a crooked hand, had suddenly retired from his previous world without a hint as to his reasons. True, there was conjecture enough about what those reasons might be.

The retirement had occurred just before a famous heavy-weight fight in Juarez, a fight that subsequently turned out to have been crudely "fixed." John Wotkyns had been managing that event, taking time from his carefully protected gaming house in New York.

(Continued on Page 14.)

Have You Yet Guessed the Solution of

Tied With Green String

By Horace Holly

What the Story Is About

Miss Lee permitted Folwell to keep the label from the card box. Once in the sunlight Folwell discovered that all Es in the lettering were originally Fs that had been converted to Es with a pen dipped in red ink. He hurried to Eaves' office and examined soiled collars, cuffs, etc., in the desk of

FISHER, THE BOOKKEEPER, but the old man's linen was hand-lettered "T. F." in indelible ink. However, he found a paper in Fisher's desk headed "Pay to the order of A. Wohlkamp and Company," in which the Es were Fs made into Es by the addition of a red ink line. The paper bore the written signature of Lionel Pettibone. Folwell got Pettibone's confession that he had married Olga Bresloff in Toronto, and after two months had put her in the State insane asylum at Buffalo. He was in the power, he said, of

ANDREV MICHAELOVITCH, a Russian, who knew about it, and who had come to Chicago to squeeze money from him. The Russian was an expert chemist, but love of whisky had made an automobile washer of him, unless he had a secret motive for doing menial work. Folwell threatened to put Pettibone under arrest.

This story began in No. 23, the Ledger for June 4. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XV.

BLACKMAIL vs. HIGH FINANCE.

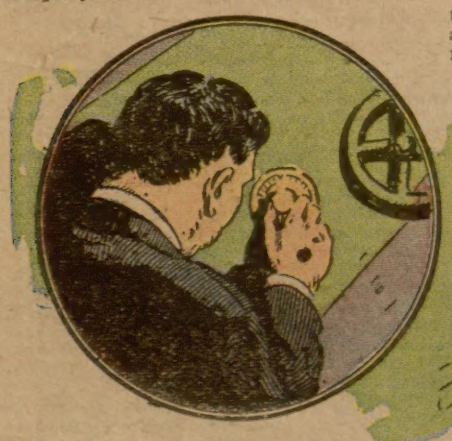
AT FOLWELL'S denunciation of him, Lionel nervously licked his dry lips. "Wait," he managed finally to ejaculate. "Wait. Wait—Folwell. Don't be precipitate."

Folwell returned and stood by his chair, looking down at him.

"Out with it now," he said abruptly. "Where did you get that money to make the first payment to Michaelovitch? The truth now—or so help me God, I'll phone with no more delay."

Lionel breathed hard. It was a terrific battle. Then his answer came, low and shamefaced.

"I—I took it from the old man's safe. Those bonds and stocks. It was rightfully mine, I tell you. Mother was dippy over him. She gave him everything to start him up in the brokerage business, and he gave her a dinky little certificate for twenty-five per cent of the stock—a certificate that wasn't worth the paper it was written on. I ought to know. I got it when mother died. Did I ever get a dividend? No, by God! He hogged every dollar the company made with padded expense accounts and an inflated salary as 'general manager'!"



"I see. Tell us how you pulled the stunt, Lionel." Folwell's voice was calm, soothing, suspiciously friendly. Here was a most interesting train of facts coming forth in a veritable drama staged in real life.

"I—I had been to the throat specialist," said Lionel, "and he had looked down my throat with a polished aluminum reflector fastened over his eye. There was a tiny hole in it thru which his eye gazed. It was what they call—er—ah—they call it——"

"The laryngoscope," put in the other.

"Yes, the laryngoscope. Now, father had put in a new double vault door at his office, with two combinations. It was put in more to impress customers than to lock up anything valuable. But it was burglar proof, all right. Yet if only a person could watch him when he was opening it, it would be easy to get access to it. It—it faced the window across the street. It—God, Folwell, it's—it's hard to go on."

"Go on," said the other. "I rather think, Lionel, that you've got a more ingenious and brilliant mind than I gave you credit for."

"Do you?" said Lionel. He brightened up instantly. His face beamed with self-approbation. The egotist in him had come to the surface like a cork released from deep waters. "Folwell, do you remember that tiny one-window office that was directly across the street from father's, but one floor higher? The one whose whole lower pane was gilded with gold leaf?"

Folwell pondered a second, then nodded in recollection. "Yes. There seemed to be a tiny hole or defect in the gilding near the center of the pane. It was devilishly, dazzling bright about noontime. I remember your stepfather complained of it one day. One could hardly look across the street between 11 in the morning and noonday. It——" His face lighted up. "That was your office, Lionel? That is, you rented it? You——"

Lionel the egotist, the youth whose ingenuity had just been praised by a mechanical specialist, was now talking. "Yes. I spotted it the day I found a patch of sunlight on the vault, and found it was reflecting from that window across the street. The rent was only $15 a month. The gilding of the window was $11. I had an old telescope used in surveying work that I mounted on a tripod with string. All I had to do was to place it at the tiny hole where I had scraped away the gold leaf. I had a great laryngoscope, Folwell. The throat of the patient was father's office. The surgeon's eye reflector was my gilded window. The doctor's eye was my telescope."

"Your father didn't appreciate you, Lionel. That's one sure thing." Folwell paused in sardonic admiration. "Then what? You finally caught him in the act of opening the doors?"

Lionel nodded. Had he been a cat, he would have purred as well. "Yes. The fifth day after I set it up, watching as usual during the time from 11 to noon when the sun was on it, I found myself looking right over the old man's shoulder, a beautiful patch of light spilled square over the dial of the safe, and the letters of the combination as clear as crystal. I got the outer one that day, but muffed the inner. I filed it away. Two days later I nabbed the inside as well. Three nights later when the old man came home stewed from an afternoon party at the Morrison House I went down with his office key while he slept it off, opened both doors of the safe, and took the envelope of bonds that I found in that private drawer of his." His voice grew suddenly belligerent. "They were mine, I tell you, Folwell. He hogged everything. They belonged to me. I never received a dollar on my stock."

"That may have been all right," said the other man. "That's between you and him, of course. But why, oh, why, make me pay cash for a confession I signed when you were the one who got the goods?"

"I Found Myself Looking Right Over the Old Man's Shoulder; a Beautiful Patch of Light Spilled Square Over the Dial of the Safe."

He laughed a dry little laugh. "But you explained that, Lionel. It was a practical joke. Go ahead."

Lionel surveyed him closely, as tho not sure whether Folwell were ironical or serious. Then, concluding apparently that Folwell was indeed serious, he finished his story.

"I sold the steel stocks right on the exchange here in Chicago thru an agent. The Denver four per cents and the Oregon Falls seven per cents I shot down to a broker in Kansas City and marketed them there. I raised $4,600, all in all, as the Oregon bonds had taken a sharp tumble. I turned the whole thing over to Michaelovitch, together with a sixty-day note secured, as he demanded, to protect him in case of my death. It was a stiff price, but I had met it. I was safe for sixty days."

"Now, one minute, please," put in Folwell. "I want to get the time scheme of this thing clear. The envelope those bonds were in was one that your stepfather made out of an old drawing I had done for him. And out of that same envelope Michaelovitch made a label to go on a deck of cards containing a threat of death to Johnstone Lee unless he closed up his business. How did that envelope get into his hands?"

"I took the bonds down to him in the original envelope," said Lionel. "But he would not accept them. He demanded cash. He left it up to me to do the work of marketing them. Perhaps he suspected I had lifted them. I don't know. It was that same night, in the little kitchen of his shack on Goose Island, that I transferred the bonds to my vest pocket and used the envelope to jot down in front of him several different sums he had dunned me for in our previous interviews. In fact, Folwell, he never saw me but that he demanded some money on account. For weeks I was absolutely strapped. I left the envelope there with the figures on it showing him that I had already paid him the sum of $135 in small amounts. Then, as I told you, I took the bonds and sold them, thru agents, and turned the actual cash over to him. As for the option on the two-color fountain pen that was in the envelope with the certificates, I could do nothing but tear it up."

"How large a note did you have to give this Michaelovitch? And how much do you owe him today?"

"The amount of my note was $5,265, but I threw the monkey wrench into the Russian's readiness to jimmy up my marriage," said Lionel. "That was the principal thing. I knew I could hurry up my marriage a bit, and pay it off after I came together with Roslyn. And I tell you I am in the right, Folwell. If Olga is dead in mind, she is dead in body. Damn a crew of stupid lawmakers who chain a man for life to an insane partner. Too bad they can't get caught by their own laws."

Folwell made no reply to this. "Of the $135 you paid him prior to the big settlement," he declared, "was a $50 check paid you by your stepfather on commissions. I may as well confess that this was the clew by which I traced out the whole thing. Now a question: Why was Michaelovitch satisfied to take a note for $5,265, when he knew you had nothing, knew that you might die suddenly, and knew that your marriage with this rich girl might fall thru?"

"Because," proclaimed Lionel triumphantly, "I hoodwinked the beggar. Because I secured the note by my stock in father's National Industrial Securities

(Continued on Page 17.)

CAN THE LIVING COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEAD?

Whether skeptic or believer, you'll want to read one of the most fascinating fiction stories ever written about this much discussed point. MYRA'S FINGERS is the name of the story. It deals with a great criminal conspiracy, with a girl's life in the Chinatown of a great city, with the forces of the underworld pitted against the forces of righteousness. And threaded thru are the strange and inexplicable messages from the man whose body had died and been buried.

"MYRA'S FINGERS" APPEARS ON PAGE 3 OF THE LEDGER NEXT WEEK. IT IS A MOST UNUSUAL STORY AND ONE WHICH TRULY MERITS AN ADVANCE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE EDITOR TO HIS MANY READERS.

The Wrist Watch Mystery

By Franklin Stringfellow

JUST seven days after the attempted robbery of the Hill City Bank, Mamie Winters, the heroine of that occasion, received thru the mail a beautiful little bracelet watch. That she was highly delighted goes without saying—what girl wouldn't be?—but she was utterly at a loss to account for it. Who sent it to her, and for what reason? Mamie couldn't figure it out, for the package bore no name of sender, neither did it contain a card; nothing but the watch and a quantity of packing. To Mamie, the reason of its advent was—and still may be—shrouded in the deepest of mystery.

"Butch" Findley, awaiting trial in the county jail for attempted bank robbery, was also doing some wondering. Within the past few years he had made a specialty of country banks, but this is the only one in the range of his experience found to be guarded by an army. He wondered who it was that tipped him off, and, as he reviewed his every step from the moment of the job's inception to that which found him a prisoner of the State, his wonder grew. Who in the dickens could have told on him?

Old man Dabney—old Colonel John Joseph Dabney—was, and still is, the richest man in Hill City, the almost king of the countryside; and any one not deeming him such had better keep it to himself lest he suddenly find his loan called in. The Colonel is not only the leading citizen of his community, but he recognizes the fact, and is proud of the distinction. Also, the Colonel is selfish to a degree, and obstinate as they make them, and once he sets his foot down upon a project——

The Colonel has a finger in most of the business enterprises of Hill City. He owns the telephone exchange, he owns the department store, he is president and principal stockholder of the bank, besides having many lesser interests. Powerful man, the Colonel.

Yet powerful as he was, and is, with almost unlimited resource, the Colonel knew one person within the corporate limits of the town who did not fear him—his daughter Selma. Selma did as she pleased whether it suited him or not. Since the death of her mother Selma had managed the big house on the hill, tended the refurnishing and replenishing, did the hiring and firing of the servants, and, after a fashion, she managed the Colonel himself. And for a long time the Colonel was glad to have it so.

There came a time, however, when the Colonel was not so pleased with his daughter; in fact, he became downright angry at her. Selma had fallen in love with the young fellow the Colonel had imported from the city to install his new lighting system, and for the life of him, the Colonel couldn't see it that way. Indeed, such an idea as Selma falling in love and marrying had never entered his mind. He needed Selma to run his household affairs, by Ned. He just couldn't do without her!

Feeling that way about it, the Colonel lost small time in doing that, which, from his point of view, seemed most likely to knock the affair in the head. He paid the young man off—fired him—and told him to go thither. But this the young man refused to do. He did quit work, but he didn't leave town; he continued living right along at the hotel. From this point of vantage he sallied forth and met Selma fully as often as before.

And by and by the Colonel found it out. Puffing with indignation, he confronted his daughter at the earliest possible moment. "Selma," he said shortly, "I want you to cut out running around with that young fool Whiting. I don't like him!" Then, turning, he abruptly strode away. His daughter gazed at him in speechless anger. "He doesn't even care to hear what I have to say about it," she thought bitterly.

That night the Colonel foiled an elopement, in the course of which he suffered a slight disfigurement of one eyelid. The same evening, a little nearer midnight, young Mr. Whiting left town. He had to. Come daybreak, the Colonel had promised to shoot him on sight. Fred wished to marry the lady; it was no part of his plan to die for her.

It Was No Trouble for Imaginative Mamie to Visualize the Man on the Other End of the Wire—

MISS MAMIE WINTERS, telephone operator at Hill City, is a good little girl with a leaning toward fluffydoodle clothes, pompadour hair, chewing gum and high-pressure novels. She is of a decided romantic cast of temperament, and often feels quite vexed with the Fate that cast her lot in such a "hole." Had she only been born in the populous city where things might happen! Gee-whiz!

Occasionally Mamie whiles away the tedium of her hours by "listening in," a procedure strictly forbidden by the rules of the company, but she did it anyway. Mamie liked her seven a week well enough, but she wasn't willing to bury herself alive for it.

And once in awhile Selma would drop around to the exchange and keep Mamie company. Selma and Mamie were of about the same age, devoured the same reading matter, did their hair after the same fashion, and dressed similarly, even tho Selma's father owned the mortgage that covered Mamie's father's house.

From Mamie, Selma learned the gentle art of "listening in," and pronounced the amusement abstracted therefrom as "perfectly gorgeous." Either girl, as time went on, might easily have disrupted the Four Hundred of Hill City past all mending had they so desired, but they didn't desire. Amusement they sought, not revenge.

One afternoon Mamie finished the concluding chapters of "From Kitchen to Castle," and cast the book aside with a yawn. "Wish to goodness something would happen to me!" she exclaimed pettishly. "It wouldn't take any Duke to lure me out of this miserable hole."

For about two minutes she gazed thru the window at the barren prospect and wished that she were dead. Then she thought of Jim Peters, head waiter, dishwasher, cook and owner of the "Whiteway Restaurant," and was glad that she wasn't. But it was frightfully dull. Not a soul using the exchange except two old ladies who had been gabbing away for the past half hour. Mamie had cut her connection after the first thousand words. What did she care whether the congregation liked the old minister or not? She didn't like him herself. She didn't even suppose that his wife liked him. Something was wrong with the afternoon.

Then Selma came in. Mamie brightened considerably when she heard her footsteps on the stairs, but not for long. Something seemed the matter with Selma also. She was not her usual bright self. Of course with one's affianced lover banished from her sight and with a threat of murder hanging over his head, one couldn't expect the lady in the case to feel her best, but she needn't have looked as mournful as she did.

Selma wore a preoccupied air. Some uncertainty seemed to gnaw at her heart; she was strangely petulant and nervous. She vented the unholy wish that Fred Whiting had dented in the Colonel's nose while he had the chance, then relapsed into moody silence. She even refused Mamie's proffered loan of "From Kitchen to Castle."

Then, right in the midst of this deadly calm, dropped a sensation. Something happened. Mamie did not at first comprehend the exact nature of the happening. All she knew was that a man called in over an outlying line and roughly demanded connection with the Palmer House. He wanted to speak with one "Spike" Demarest, and he wanted him right away. It was no trouble for imaginative Mamie to visualize the man on the other end of the wire—a man of no culture at all. Several times he nearly swore.

Mamie wouldn't have missed that message for worlds. It was so kind of creepy! With breathless interest she followed every word of it. It was a mysterious conversation, replete with such words as bank, swag, tin Lizzie, midnight, and such, and it sounded very thrilling to Mamie. But when translated by the superior knowledge of Selma into, "Some one's planning to break into the bank tonight, steal all the money, and run away in an automobile," why, how very much more interesting! Mamie nearly died from excitement.

"What'll we do, Selma?" she cried. Then, "You had better tell your father!"

But here an unexpected difficulty presented itself. Selma hadn't spoken to her father since—since that night, and she'd rather not.

"You tell him," she begged Mamie.

And Mamie finally consented to do so. When the Colonel came in at 6 o'clock, she told him what she had heard. By so doing, Mamie unconsciously acted the part of a heroine. While feeling certain that such a confession could but lead to her dismissal, yet she just couldn't remain quiet and let the bank be wrecked.

But she needn't have worried. The Colonel didn't even think of the ethical part of it. He was too all-fired glad to receive the warning to question the method of getting it. In vast excitement he danced about the office. "You real sure, girl?" he kept asking, in that fussy way of his. "You real sure?"

Mamie was quite certain. Again she repeated the conversation. "The fellow said they had best do the job about midnight," she further supplemented.

—a Man of No Culture at All.

THAT settled it. The shock of the surprise over, the Colonel quit prancing around and tearing his hair, and got down to business in short order. If some one had decided to rob the Colonel's bank, then, by gracious, it was up to the Colonel to teach the scoundrel a lesson.

"I'll catch him red-handed," he vowed to himself.

Wtih a warning to Mamie to keep her mouth closed concerning the affair, he secured his revolver, made sure it was loaded, and abruptly left the building.

That night, for the first time in its history, the bank was under guard. Six men, of which the Colonel was one, loafed within the shadows of the old bank building.

Ten o'clock. Eleven o'clock. Twelve o'clock. Nothing doing in the line of robbers. At 12:30 the posse struck, or, at least, they showed symptoms of wanting to strike.

"It was a fake message, Colonel," they argued. "What's the good of hanging around here all night?"

The Colonel had to bring into play all of his well-known powers of persuasion before he won their consent to stick it out another hour.

They stayed and they were glad of it, for at ten minutes to 1 a misguided little robber of a man hopped over the alley fence, crept cautiously the length of the back yard, and commenced fooling with the lock of the rear door.

And they captured him. It was a bloodless struggle; not a shot fired; they had him before he ruined the lock. The prisoner didn't even put up a fight.

"Let me up, gents," he kept begging them. "Let me up. I ain't no fighter. Git offa my stomach, you big tub!"

The Colonel, suddenly realizing that the man beneath him was little more than a boy in size, got up, caught the culprit by the collar, and yanked him to his feet.

"March!" he ordered, pushing the fellow along ahead of him.

Fifteen minutes later, having properly disposed of their prisoner, the posse filed into the Owl drug store for refreshments.

The Colonel was in high spirits. He paid the bill, made a speech, got away with his share of the liquids served, and departed for home whistling.

When he reached the house, however, his spirits suffered a relapse. As he entered the door, he sensed something wrong; when he reached the dining-room he was certain of it. A chair was perched high in the center of the table. The Colonel snorted his astonishment.

"What does this mean?" he gasped.

He soon learned, for, in the seat of the chair, perched high to attract his attention, the Colonel found two notes. The first one was brief and read like a riddle. "I had to do something to get you out of the way, Fred." In sudden rage the Colonel threw it aside, and reached for the second one. "Maybe I can get some sense out of it," he grunted.

The second note contained full particulars, and was signed by his daughter.

Just one week later Mamie received the watch, and, as before mentioned, she is utterly at a loss—— But perhaps the mystery would be a mystery longer could she have but heard young Whiting's words to his lady-love as he helped her into the car.

"After what you told me of the little habit Mamie has of listening in," he chuckled, "I just knew she'd bite on that fake call, but I never dreamed that a real cracksman would happen along just in time to be captured. We'll have to send her a little something."

And they did. They sent her the watch—and forgot to insert their cards in the package.

* * *

The Reward of Gallantry.

ONE of the prisoners before the police justice was a chauffeur, and the complaint against him was speeding.

"What have you to say?" asked the Judge.

"Judge, I was taking a woman to a store."

"That is no excuse."

"But she was going to a store where they advertised big bargains, and she was in an awful hurry to be the first one there. The store advertised stockings at forty-five cents a pair, which had been ninety cents, and my passenger wanted to buy eight pairs. I told her I was afraid of the speed laws, but she appealed to my gallantry, and I went with a buzz and the police got me."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, "this court has nothing to do with women's stockings at forty-five cents a pair or at any price. Your gallantry is, therefore, rewarded with a fine of twenty-five dollars or ten days in jail."

* * *

Artful Antics Are Awful.

ADAM, an ancient antediluvian, ate an apple. Adam's angry author aroused angrily at Adam's affront admits approval. Adam admitted all, and as admonished, accepted Allah's alternative. "Abscond, Adam!" added Allah. "Amble away and act as awakened acolyte. Adieu, absentminded Adam, and abhor absinthe always."

Adam ambled away, and at all accounts admitted accountability. All acts are awry," asserted Adam, and alas, after all, Adam and apples are always aptly and abjectly associated. Ain't apple acquisition awful? (Anyhow as Adam acquired Apples.)

Continuing a Story of the Dramatic Days of Slavery

In the Den of the Jackals

By Augustin Breeden

The First Itstallment Cleverly Condensed

Away back in the '30s, nearly three decades before the Civil War, when the abolitionist was beginning to make himself heard thruout this land, and slaves of the South were finding ways and means to escape to the North—and Canada.

HORACE STEWART, an aristocratic young Georgian, bought a wilderness tract in Tennessee and a small number of slaves in New Orleans, with the idea of setting up a "barony"—a plantation—of his own, as his grandfathers had done before him in his native State. His even dozen of slaves were bought at a bargain, of a Scripture-quoting gentleman named

ALLISON, who understood from Stewart that the blacks, who had been previously sold "down-river," were to be taken to Georgia, instead of to western Tennessee. Upon his arrival in the latter State with his slaves and his other chattels, Stewart was amazed to learn that all of the negroes who had not escaped during the river trip north, had previously escaped from the plantation of

COLONEL HEMMENWAY, who immediately claimed them. This led to a quarrel between the two hot-blooded Southerners and Stewart was shot in an attempt to drag the Colonel from his horse. The young Georgian was carried into Hemmenway Hall and nursed back to health by

ELIZABETH HEMMENWAY, the Colonel's beautiful daughter. In due time the Colonel apologized for his hasty act and was promptly forgiven by the chivalrous Georgian. But when Stewart came to take his departure, he was treated very coldly by father and daughter, with no reasons given for their strange and sudden discourtesy. Allison, the slave dealer, had turned up at Hemmenway's on the day of the quarrel, and on learning of the Colonel's claim to Stewart's slaves had refunded the $5,000 the young man had paid for them. The slave dealer assured Stewart that

TOUSSAINT TALLIAFERRO, a young Creole of priestly appearance who had vouched for Allison in the slave deal, was an honorable gentleman who had a sister named

MAYMAY, also a Creole and a girl of wonderful beauty. On their way thru the wilderness trails, after leaving Hemmenway Hall together, Allison brought up the name of

JOHN MURRELL, known to Stewart as a bold "slave-runner," slave dealer, abolitionist, clansman chief, continuous law-breaker and brutal slayer of men—white and black. With $5,000 on his person Stewart had his qualms about traveling in Allison's company. As they rode along Allison assured Stewart that John Murrell was a respectable citizen who had been grossly maligned by his aristocratic enemies, the slave-holders. At a dark spot in the woods Allison suddenly checked his horse and invited Stewart to join Murrell's clan, a secret organization set on freeing all slaves, finishing by saying, "I am John Murrell!"

CHAPTER IV.

H-A-T-E.

STEWART felt his senses reel. It was a moment before he gained control of himself. He knew that this man beside him—if he were indeed John Murrell, and he had no reason to doubt the fact, was capable of anything. Stewart's pockets were stuffed with the gold and greenbacks that this very creature had paid to him. He had heard of Murrell's committing murder on the high road for a much smaller sum.

But Stewart did not hesitate to take the hand that was offered him.

"I am John Murrell," repeated the other. "But you see for yourself that I am not the creature that my enemies paint me. You see I have treated you well. Those slaves I sold you had run away from cruel masters, and I sold them to you because I believed you were a good man and would take them to Georgia where they could be happy. Then when you brought them up the river I saw what trouble it would cause you and them and I followed. Oh, I admit my action was not altogether unselfish. You had made a good impression on Talliaferro and me. We saw that you were a young man of pluck and enterprise and wanted you in our clan. Stewart; it's hardly ever I feel drawn toward a man, but I did toward you from the very first."

As a matter of fact it had been noised about New Orleans that this young Georgian had a world of ready cash that he had just inherited. It was this more than anything else that caused Murrell to be "drawn" toward him; altho Murrell was actually attracted to young Stewart, explain it how you will.

"You are leaving the neighborhood?" asked Murrell after a pause.

"Yes, probably for good. I directed Jeems to sell my ox teams, wagons and other plunder some days ago, and he turned me in the money yesterday. I will probably return to Georgia."

"Well, I'm leaving, too," said Murrell. "I told Hemmenway that I was going to look for McNaughton, but you know McNaughton is merely a name. Come with me to Finley's Tavern. It's only about twelve miles north of here. Finley's a good fellow. In fact, he's one of us. Do you know how many organized followers I have? More than three thousand. In six months I will have twenty thousand white followers. Then we'll see who's boss in this country."

As they rode on under the dark cypresses, where it was already night, Stewart felt a qualm of real fear. He knew that his life was not worth a straw should he happen to anger this creature.

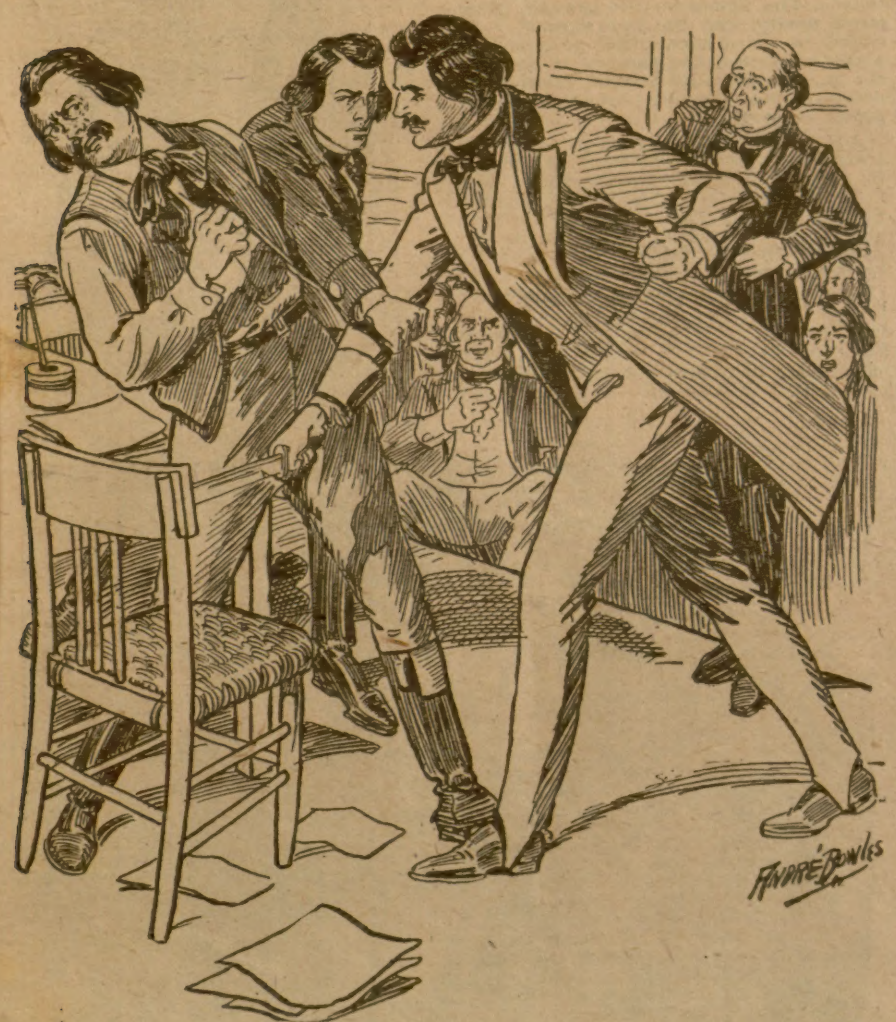
"I'm a lonely man," said Murrell. "I have many followers but few bosom friends—in fact, none. Instantly I saw you I was drawn to you. I'm not a good man, I never had a chance to be. When I was a mere boy I was put in jail for a crime I didn't commit. While you were in college I was in the penitentiary. There I studied in my cell and learned a little of law, medicine and theology. I know the Bible like an A B C book, and you can witness the fact that I'm a pretty good surgeon."

While Murrell talked on in his whining, self-pitying tone, Stewart was considering how he might give him the slip. Once they rode down a steep hill into a dense pine thicket, black as a dungeon. There at the bottom of the hill Stewart started to wheel his horse and make a dash for liberty, but he realized in time that such a course would be to invite certain death. However, he took advantage of the blackness to slip a small derringer into his right coat pocket where he could easily put his hands on it.

But Murrell had no evil designs whatever against his young companion. He was telling the truth when he said he wanted him in the clan. He readily enough dropped the clerical form of speech as he expressed his hatred for all slaveholders and told how he had helped numerous slaves to escape. They reached the tavern in time for a late supper of wild turkey, honey and johnnycake, and sat long at the table with a jug of fiery apple brandy between them. As the liquor loosened Murrell's tongue he presently began to boast of the crimes he had committed, and bragged that he could produce a servile uprising in six States on a forty-eight-hours' notice. He stated to Stewart that he was in need of a first lieutenant and wanted to honor him with the place.

"Talliaferro is all right," he hiccoughed—he pronounced it Toliver—"but he's too d—n tender-hearted. He wants the blacks to have their freedom, but he don't want them to kill any of the whites to get it. As far as I'm concerned I'd be glad to see old Pompey drive an ax into the back of such an old aristocrat as Colonel Hemmenway, and I——"

"Time you was turnin' in, Cap'n Murrell," announced Finley. "Mr. Stewart, you kin sleep in the front room up stairs. Hit's the best room in the house. We ain't noways picayunish with members o' the clan, an' I onderstand you're a new-made member."



If Talliaferro Had Not Struck Down His Arm, He Would Certainly Have Plunged the Knife Into Wrenn.

As Stewart lay on his bed, fully dressed, wide-eyed and alert, he reviewed the affairs of the day. It was plain to him now that John Murrell had caused the trouble at Hemmenway's. There was no telling what an unspeakable lie he had told. It made his heart bleed now to think of poor, sweet Elizabeth; for no doubt she was suffering as much from their sudden separation as he was. It made the gallant young Georgian shudder to think of the mischief Murrell was planning. He thought of the fate of such as Elizabeth should his servile uprising succeed, and he made up his mind to join the clan at any risk in order to learn their secrets and at the right moment bring the whole murderous band to justice.

How long he lay there musing he did not know, but finally he heard the sound of galloping horses, and, peeping thru the slats of the window shutter he saw two men rise up in the light of a newly risen moon.

"Ahoy, thar, Finley!" called one of the two, whom Stewart thought he recognized as Tom Wrenn, the villainous steamboat mate.

"What's wanted?" called Finley in a cautious tone.

"Hit's Tom Wrenn an' Joe Copeland," called the mate. "Per'aps you've hearn tell of us? We're two of John Murrell's right-hand men."

"The H you say," said Finley.

"A-men to that," spoke up Copeland apropos of nothing at all. He lengthened out the A and cut the syllable short.

"Well, come in and have something to drink," said Finley. "We kin offer you applejack, coffee, er tea."

"E-nough said." Again Copeland put all the stress on the first syllable and slurred the second.

While they were going thru with this jargon Finley was advancing to meet the night riders. They met well out in front of the tavern and Stewart saw that Finley was telling them something confidential, and saw the two of them glance up at the shutter thru which he was peeping. He tiptoed back and by a ray of moonlight examined the priming on both his derringer and his horse pistol. His mind was busy figuring out the significance of the jargon they had uttered. It was plainly their countersign. Then in a flash it came to him. No backwoodsman would say H when he meant hell, therefore the first letter was H. *Copeland had fairly shouted the A and the E. He thought for a moment. The third letter of the word was T. H A T E. Such was the password. Well, he would remember it. It might save his life some time.

Stewart had little time to meditate the meaning of this fateful word, for he had hardly looked to his firearms when he heard a stealthy step on the stairway. He gripped his horse pistol and whispered, "God defend the right," with all the earnestness of a prayer. The stealthy step came nearer and nearer and entered the upper hallway and approached his door a foot or two at a time. Finally it ceased its advance before his door. Stewart stood so close to the door that he could hear a man's suppressed breathing on the other side. He thought of his five thousand in gold and bills and breathed a fervent prayer for life. The step finally retreated, however; but, after what seemed an interminable time, Stewart was conscious that two people instead of one had approached his door. This time he felt their presence rather than heard their approach. Had these men come at last to dispatch and rob him? And where was Murrell? Stewart felt sure that the leader of the clan was no longer under this roof. Where could he be? A man as used to strong drink as he would have soon slept off the effect of his brandy. Had he gone away and sent these villains here? Evidently not, as they had seemed surprised when Finley had told them of his presence.

Stewart resolved upon a bold course. He, too, would pose as Murrell's right-hand man. Had not Murrell himself invited him to become his first lieutenant? He would give them the first letter of the mystic word—HATE—and see how they accepted it.

"What the H are you doing out there?" he demanded suddenly, grasping his weapon a little more firmly.

"A man has a right to stand in a hall if he wants to, don't he?" came back Copeland's answer after some hesitation.

"Better go below and drink applejack and tea," commanded Stewart.

"E-nough said," cried Wrenn. "You're one of Murrell's men all right. Open the door, Stewart, and let's have a little chat. You know me; I'm Tom Wrenn, that was first mate on the Cairo."

"Yes, I know you," replied Stewart. "Come round in the morning and I'll chat with you. I'm sleepy now and I'm going to bed."

"Well, that's cool from a fellow clansman," complained Wrenn. "We come to talk to you as friends and you don't even open your door. Listen here, Horace Stewart, open this door in the name of the clan. I'm one of Murrell's lieutenants, and I command it."

"I am Captain Murrell's first lieutenant," replied Stewart. "I take no orders except from the captain himself."

"Well, then, coward, keep your door closed," sneered Copeland. "Quit trembling now and uncock your pistol and say your little phayers and go to sleep. We ain't going to hurt you. We just wanted to give you a little scare—Tallia—Tallia——"

"Ferro," shouted Stewart upon an inspiration.

They had both pronounced the name just as it is spelled.

"Here's to Toussaint Talliaferro," shouted the young Georgian, "the greatest man in the world after Captain John Murrell. You all may drink his success in applejack when you get your own pistols uncocked."

Here then was another password, or so Stewart guessed it to be. He heard Wrenn chuckling wickedly as he and

*Editor's Note.—Copeland was hanged for murder in Mississippi years afterward.

(Continued on Page 20.)

Concluding the Fascinating Serial

The Strange Case of Cavendish

By Randall Parrish

Last Week's Installment Condensed

Senor Mendez came with his men and promised no harm to the besieged pair if they would surrender. He would give them over to Lacy and wash his hands of the whole affair. Cavendish pleaded with Stella to yield, but the brave young woman, believing Westcott would soon come to her rescue and recalling what she had done to Cateras, convinced her companion that it was best to fight it out.

The attackers used a battering-ram and the first two to cross the threshhold of the cabin were dropped by shots from the girl's revolver. A charge from her companion's shotgun struck Mendez as the bandit chief was crawling thru a window, and Cavendish immediately collapsed with a bullet in his own breast. Stella then seized a revolver from the bed and found that each of its chambers was loaded.

THE STRANGE WOMAN in the road proved to be Miss LaRue. Believing Brennan to be Cassady, she gave the marshal a note, from Lacy to Mendez, which should be delivered as soon as possible. Enright, she said, was out hunting down Ned Beaton's slayer.

Dan and Jim were soon on their way to Sunken Valley. After a long, weary ride on a desolate trail, they suddenly beheld a team and wagon approaching. The driver proved to be Matt Moore, returning to Haskell. On a promise of protection from Lacy, Moore proceeded to tell all that he knew of the girl's kidnaping and her captivity by Mendez and his men.

This story began in No. 21, the Ledger for May 21. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XXX. (Continued).

"WELL," with a quick breath as he took the plunge, "it's like this, marshal," said Matt Moore in beginning the story of the kidnaping of Miss Donovan. "There is just one place out yonder," and he waved his hand to indicate the direction, "on the east rim o' the valley, where yer might get down. Ye'd have ter hang on, tooth an' toe-nail; but both of yer are mountain men, an' I reckon yer could make the trip if yer took it careful an' slow like. Leastwise that's the one chance, an' I don't believe thar's another white critter who even knows thar is such a trail."

"Have you ever been down?"

"Wunst, an' that was enough fer me," he confessed, drawling his words. "Yer see it was this a-way. One time I was out there in that hell hole plum' alone fer a whole week, just a waitin' fer Mendez ter show up so I could ride into Haskell and tell Lacy he'd come. It was so damn lonesome I explored every nook an' cranny between them rocks, an' one day, lyin' out in front o' ther bunkhouse, I happened to trace this ol' trail. I got a notion to give it a trial, an' I did that same afternoon. I got down all right, but it was no place fer a lady, believe me, an' I reckon no white man ever made it afore."

"It had been used once?"

"There was some signs made me think so; Injuns, I reckon, an' a long while ago."

Westcott asked: "How can we get there safely? Can you guide us?"

Moore swept his eyes over the dull range of sand, expectorated thoughtfully, and rammed his hands deep into his trouser pockets. He was slow about answering, but the two men waited, motionless.

"If it was me," he said finally, "I'd take it on foot. It'll be a jaunt ov near on to three miles, unless yer want ter risk bein' seen by them Mexes on the main trail. You couldn't go straight, but would have ter circle out an' travel mostly behind that ridge o' sand thar to the left. Goin' that a-way nobody's likely ter get sight o' yer on foot. You couldn't take no hoss, tho. Here'd be my plan: Lead this yere outfit o' mine an' your ponies back inter them sand dunes whar nobody ever goes. They're tired 'nough ter stand, an' there ain't anything fer 'em to graze on. Then we kin hoof it over ter the place I'm tellin' yer about, an' yer kin sorter size it up fer yerselves. That's fair, ain't it?"

They went at it with a will, glad to have something clearly defined before them, Brennan in his slow, efficient way, but Westcott, eager and hopeful, spurred on by his memory of the girl, whose rescue was the sole object which had brought him there. The team was driven into the security of the sand drifts and unhitched. The saddles were taken from the backs of the ponies, and what grain Moore had in the wagon was carefully apportioned among the four animals. Satisfied these would not stray, the men looked carefully to their supply of ammunition and set forth on their tramp.

This proved a harder journey than either Brennan or Westcott had anticipated, for Moore led off briskly, taking a wide circle, until a considerable ridge concealed their movements from the south. The sand was loose, and in places they sank deeply, their feet sliding back and retarding progress. All three were breathing heavily from the exertion when, under protection of the ridge, they found better walking.

Even here, however, the way was treacherous and deceiving, yet they pressed forward steadily, following the twists and turns of the pile of sand on their right. The distance seemed more than three miles, but at last Moore turned sharply and plunged into what resembled a narrow ravine thru the ridge. Here they struggled knee deep in the sand, but finally emerged on the very rim overlooking the valley.

So perfectly was it concealed they were within ten feet of the edge before the men, their heads bent in the strenuous effort to advance, even realized its immediate presence. They halted instantly, awestruck, and startled into silence by the wonder of that scene outspread below. Moore grinned as he noted the surprise depicted on their faces, and waved his hand.

"Yer better lie down an' crawl up ter the edge," he advised. "Some hole, ain't it?"

"I should say so," and Westcott dropped to his knees. "I never dreamed of such a place. Why, it looks like a glimpse into heaven from this sand. Dan, ain't this an eye-opener?"

"It sure is," and the marshal crept cautiously forward. "Only it's devils who've got possession. Look at them cattle up at the further end; they don't look no bigger than sheep, but there's quite a bunch of 'em. What's that down below, Matt? Houses, by Jingo! Well, don't that beat hell?—all the comforts of home."

"Two big cabins," explained Moore, rather proud of his knowledge. "Carted the logs in from ol' Baldy, more'n forty miles. One is the bunkhouse; the other is whar Mendez stops when the ol' cuss is yere. Creep up a bit an' I'll show yer how the trail runs. Don't be afeerd; nobody kin see yer from down below."

'All right, son, where is it?"

"It starts at the foot o' that bowlder," indicating with his finger, "an' goes along the shelf clear to the end; then thar's a drop ov maybe five feet to that outcroppin' o' rock just below. It's wider than it looks to be from yere. After that yer can trace it quite a spell with yer eyes, kinder slidin' ter the left, till yer come to that dead root ov a cedar. Then thar's a gap or two that ain't over easy, an' a slide down ter another shelf. Yer can't miss it, cause there's no other way ter go."

"Them huts, an' the mouth of a d—n big cave just behind 'em. I reckon it's in the cave they've got the gal; there's places there they kin shut up, but I don't know what they was ever made fer. I asked Lacy wunst, but he only laughed."

The two men lay flat, staring down. It was almost a sheer wall, and the very thought of climbing along the almost impassable path pointed out by Moore made Westcott dizzy. He had clambered along the ragged crags of many a mountain in search for gold, but the necessity of finding blindly in the dark that obscure and perilous passage brought with it a sensation of horror which he had to fight in order to conquer. It was such a sheer, precipitous drop, a path—if path it could be called—so thickly studded with danger the mind actually recoiled in contemplation.

"You have really been down there, Moore?" he questioned, half unbelieving.

"Oh, I made it all right," boastfully. "But it's no picnic. I'd hate like hell to risk it at night, but that's the only chance you fellows will have to git down. It would be like trap-shootin' for them Mexes if you tried it now."

They lay there for some time talking to each other, and staring down at the strange scene so far beneath them, and which appeared almost like a painted picture within its dark frame of towering rocks and wide expanse of sand. Except for the rather restless herd of cattle there was little movement perceptible—a herder or two could be distinguished riding here and there on some duty; there was a small horse corral a short distance to their right, with something like a dozen ponies confined within, and a bunch of saddles piled outside the fence. Once a man came out of the bunkhouse and went down to the stream for a bucket of water, returning leisurely. He wore the braided jacket and high, wide-brimmed hat of the Mexican peon, and spurs glittered on his boot-heels. Beyond this the cabins below gave no sign of occupancy. Moore pointed out to them the main trail leading across the valley and winding up along the front of the opposite wall. They could trace it a large part of the way, but it disappeared entirely as it approached the summit.

The three men, wearied with looking, and knowing there was nothing more to do except wait for night, crept back into the sand hollow and nibbled away at the few eatables brought with them in their pockets. Brennan alone seemed cheerful and talkative—Moore had liberally divided with him his stock of chewing tobacco.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WITH FORCE OF ARMS.

THEY were still sitting there cross-legged in the sand when the silence was suddenly punctured by the sharp report of a revolver. The sound barely reached their ears, yet it undoubtedly came from below, and all three were upon their feet, when a second shot decided the matter.

Westcott was first at the rim, staring eagerly downward. It was growing dusk down there in the depths, yet was still light enough to enable him to perceive movement, and the outlines of the cabins. For a moment all he noticed was a man lying on the ground in front of the small hut, but almost immediately men began to swarm out thru the door of the bunkhouse, and a horseman came spurring from the field beyond.

The men were armed, several with guns in their hands; all with revolvers buckled at the waist, and they bunched there, just outside the door, evidently startled, but not knowing which way to turn. The figure on the ground lifted itself partly, and the fellow must have called to the others, altho no sound of a voice attained the summit of the cliff, for the whole gang rushed in that direction, and clustered about, gesticulating excitedly.

An occasional Spanish oath exploded from the mass with sufficient vehemence to reach the strained ears above, and the watchers were able to perceive the fellows lift the fallen man to his feet, and untie his hands, which were apparently secured behind his back. He mast have been wounded, also, for one sleeve was hastily rolled up and water brought from the stream, in which it was bathed. Not until this had been attended to did the crowd fall away sufficiently to permit the fellow himself to be distinctly seen. Moore's hand closed convulsively on the marshal's arm.

"It's ol' Mendez, as I'm a livin' sinner," he announced hoarsely. "An' somebody's plunked him. What'd yer make o' that?"

Brennan never removed his gaze from the scene below, but his face was tense with interest.

"Blamed if I know; might be a mere row—hold on, there! Whoever did it is in that cabin; watch what they're up to now."

The three hung there scanning every movement of those below, too intently interested to talk, yet unable for some time to determine clearly what was impending. Occasionally the sound of a voice reached them, shouting orders in Spanish, and men came and went in obedience to the commands. More guns were brought forth from the bunkhouse, and distributed; the single horseman rode swiftly up the valley, and a half dozen of the fellows lugged a heavy timber up from the corral, and dropped it on the ground it front of the smaller cabin. Mendez, his arm in a sling, passed from group to group, profanely busy, snapping out orders.

"They are going to break in the door with that log!" muttered Westcott between his clinched teeth. "That whitehead down there is boiling with rage, and whoever the poor devil, or devils, may be, they'll have to fight."

"Yes, but who are they?" and Brennan sat up. "The whole gang must be outside there; I counted fourteen. Then, did you notice? Mendez had his hands bound behind his back. He couldn't even get up until those fellows untied him. That's what puzzles me."

"It would take more than one to do that job. Maybe we'll find out now—he's pounding with a revolver butt on the front door."

They listened breathlessly, hanging recklessly over the rim of the chasm, and staring at that strange scene below, but the man's words only reached them broken and detached. They got enough, however, to realize that he demanded the unbarring of the door, and that he both threatened and promised protection to whoever was within. It was the language he employed that aroused Westcott.

"Did you hear that?" he asked shortly. "The man spoke English. Whoever's in there doesn't understand Spanish. Were any Americans down there when you left, Moore?"

"Joe Sikes, and a fellow they call

Their Progress Was That of the Snail, Yet Every Inch of the Way They Played With Death.

'Shorty,' but they're both outside; that was Joe who bound up o' Mendez's arm, an' Shorty was helpin' bring up the log."

The eyes of Brennan and Westcott met understandingly.

"Yer don't suppose that girl——"

"Aye, but I do," and Westcott's voice proved his conviction. "There's nothing too nervy for her to tackle if it needed to be done. But she never could have corralled Mendez alone."

"Then there must be another along with her—that fellow yer told me about likely."

"Fred Cavendish! By Jove, it would be like him. Say, boys, I'm going down and take a hand in this game."

The marshal gripped him.

"Not yet, Jim! It ain't dark enough. Wait a bit more an' I'm with yer, old man. It'll be blacker than hell down there is fifteen minutes, an' then we'll have some chance. They'd pot us now sure afore we got as far as that cedar. What is the gang up to now, Matt?"

"They're a-goin' ter bust in the door," and Moore craned his head farther out over the edge in eagerness to see. "I reckon they didn't git no answer that pleased 'em. See ol' Mendez hoppin' about! Lord! he's mad 'nough to eat nails. Thar comes the log—say, they hit that some thump; thar ain't no wood that's goin' ter stand again them blows long, do yer hear?"

They did; the dull reverberation as the log butt crashed against the closed door was plainly audible. Once, twice, three times it struck, giving forth at last the sharper crackling of splintered wood. They could see little now distinctly—only the dim outlines of the men's figures, Mendez shouting and gesticulating, the fellows grasping the rough battering-ram, a group of others on either side the door, evidently gathered for a rush the moment the latter gave way.

"My God!" cried Westcott, struggling to restrain himself. "Suppose I take a crack at them!"

Brennan caught the hand tugging at the half-drawn revolver.

"Are you mad, man? You couldn't even hit the house at that distance. Holy smoke! There she goes!"

The door crashed in; there was a fusillade of shots, the spits of fire cleaving the dusk, and throwing the figure of the men into sudden bold relief. The log wielders sprang aside, and the others leaped forward, yelling wildly and plunging in thru the broken doorway. An instant later three muffled reports rang out from the interior—one deep and booming, the others sharper, more resonant—and the invaders tumbled backward into the open, seeking shelter. Westcott was erect, Brennan on hands and knees.

"D—n me!" ejaculated the latter, his excitement conquering restraint. "Whoever they are, Jim, they're givin' ol' Mendez his belly full. Did yer hear them shots? There's sure two of 'em in thar—one's got a shotgun an' the other a revolver. I'll bet yer they punctuated some o' those lads. Lord! They come out like rats."

Westcott's teeth gripped.

"'I'm going down," he said grimly, "if I have to go alone."

Brennan scrambled to his feet.

"Just a second, Jim, an' I'm with yer. Moore, get up yere. Now, what do yer say? Can we count you in on this shindig?"

"Go down thar with yer?"

"Sure! Y're a man, ain't yer? If yer say y're game, I'll play square—otherwise we'll see to your case afore we start. I don't leave yer up yere to play no tricks—now which is it?"

Moore stared over the edge into the black depths.

"Yer want me to show you the way?"

"Yer say you've made the trip wunst. If yer have, yer kin do it again. I'm askin' yer fer the last time."

The boy shivered, but his jaw set.

"I don't give a d—n fer you, Dan Brennan," he returned half angrily, "but I reckon that might be the girl down thar, an' I'll risk it fer her."

"You'll go then?"

"Sure; didn't I just tell you so?"

Brennan wheeled about.

Give him his gun, Jim, and the belt," he commanded briefly. "I don't send no man ino a fracas like this unless he's heeled. Leave yer coats here, an' take it slow. Both of yer ready?"

Not until his dying day will Westcott ever forget the moment he hung over the edge of that pit, following Moore, who had disappeared, and felt gingerly in the darkness for the narrow rock ledge below. The young miner possessed imagination, and could not drive from memory the mental picture of those depths beneath; the horror was like a nightmare, and yet the one dominant thought was not of an awful death, of falling headlong, to be crushed shapeless hundreds of feet below. This dread was there, an intense agony at first, but beyond it arose the more important thought of what would become of her if he failed to attain the bottom of the cliff alive. Yet this was the very thing which steadied him, and brought back his courage.

At best they could only creep, feeling a way blindly fgrom crag to crag, clinging desperately to every projection, never venturing even the slightest movement until either hand or foot found solid support. Moore led, his boyish recklessness and knowledge of the way giving him an advantage. Westcott followed, keeping as close as possible, endeavoring to shape his own efforts in accordance with the dimly outlined form below; while Brennan, short-legged and stout, probably had the hardest task of all in bringing up the rear.

No one spoke, except as occasionally Moore sent back a brief whisper of warning at some spot of unusual danger, but they could hear each other's labored breathing, the brushing of their clothing against the surface of the rock, the scraping of their feet, and occasionally the faint tinkle of a small stone, dislodged by their passage and striking far below. There was nothing but intense blackness down there—a hideous chasm of death clutching at them; the houses, the men, the whole valley was completely swallowed in the night.

Above it all they clung to the almost smooth face of the cliff, gripping for support at every crevice, the rock under them barely wide enough to yield purchase to their feet. Twice Westcott had to let go entirely, trusting to a ledge below to stop his fall; once he traveled a yard, or more, dangling on his hands over the abyss, his feet feeling for the support beyond; and several times he paused to assist the shorter-legged marshal down to a lower level. Their progress was that of the snail, yet every inch of the way they played with death.

Now and then voices shouted out of the gloom beneath them, and they hung motionless to listen. The speech was Spanish garnished with oaths, its meaning not altogether clear. They could distinguish Mendez's harsh croak easily among the others.

"What's he saying, Moore?" whispered Westcott to the black shape just below.

"Something 'bout the log. I don't just make it, but I reckon they aim now to batter in the winder."

"Well, go on," passed down the marshal gruffly. "What in Sam Hill are yer holdin' us up yere for? I ain't got more'n two inches ter stand on."

Fifty feet below, just as Moore rounded the dead cedar, the guns began again, the spits of red flame lighting up the outlines of the cabin, and the dark figures of men. It was as tho they looked down into the pit, watching the brewing of some sport of demons—the movements below them weird, grotesque—rendered horrible by those sudden glares of light. This firing was all from without, and was unanswered; no boom of shotgun replied, no muffled crack of revolver. Yet it must have been for a purpose, for the men crouching against the cliff, their faces showing ghastly in the flashes of powder, were able to perceive a massing of figures below. Then the shots ceased, and the butt of the great log crashed against something with the force of a catapult, and a yell rolled up thru the night.

At last Moore stopped, and waited until Westcott was near enough for him to whisper in the other's ear.

"There's a drop yere, 'bout ten er twelve feet, I reckon; an' then just a slope to ther bottom. Don't make no more noise than yer have to, an' give me a chance ter git out of ther way afore yer let go."

Westcott passed the word back across his shoulder to Brennan, who was panting heavily, and, watched, as best he could on hands and knees, while Moore lowered himself at arm's length over the narrow rock ledge. The boy loosened his grip, but landed almost noiselessly. Westcott, peering over, could see nothing; there was beneath only impenetrable blackness. Silently he also dropped and his feet struck earth, sloping rapidly downward. Hardly had he advanced a yard when the little marshal struck the dirt, with a force that made him grunt audibly. At the foot of this pile of debris Moore waited for them, the night so dark down there in the depths, Westcott's outstretched hand touched the fellow before he was assured of his presence.

THE Mexicans were still; whatever deviltry they were up to was being carried on in silence; the only sound was a muffled scraping. Brennan yet struggled for breath, but was eager for action. He shoved his head forward, listening.

"What do yer make o' that noise?" he asked, his words scarcely audible.

"I heerd it afore yer come up," returned Moore. "'Tain't nuthin' regular. I figure the Mex are goin' in thru that winder they busted. That sound's their boots scaling the wall."

"Ever been inside?"

"Wunst, ter take some papers ter Lacy."

"Well, what's it like? For God's sake speak up—there's goin' ter be hell to pay in a minute."

"Thar's two rooms; ther outside door an' winder are in the front one, which is the biggest. The other is whar Mendez sleeps, an' thar's a door between 'em."

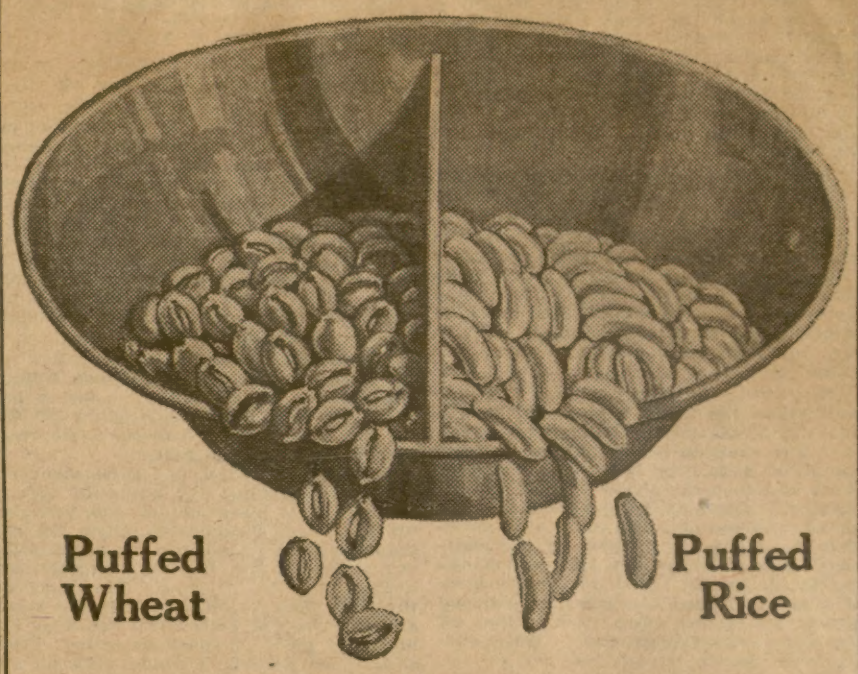
"No windows in the rear room?"

"None I ever see."

"And just the one door; what sort o' partition?"

"Just plain log, I reckon."

"That's all right, Jim," and Westcott



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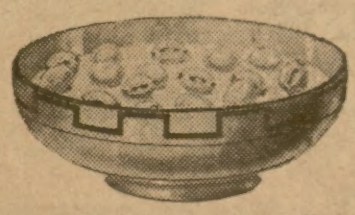

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Scatter on ice cream to give a nutty flavor. Use as toasted wafers in your soups. Mix with your berries to give the blend that crust gives to a shortcake.

Use them to make whole grains tempting, so that children will get whole-grain food enough.

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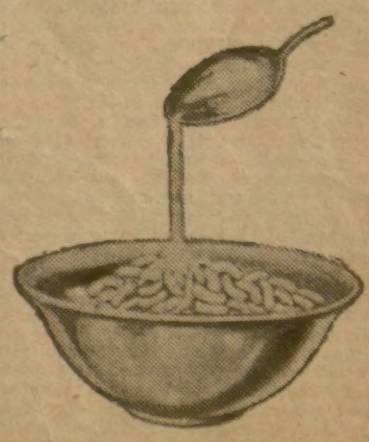
Douse with butter

Crisp Puffed Rice and douse with melted butter. Let hungry children eat like peanuts when at play. Or serve at breakfast in this way, with or without the cream.

Puffed Rice

8 times normal size



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felt the marshal's fingers grasp his arm. "I got it sized up proper. Whoever them folks be, they've barricaded inter that back room. Likely they've got a dead range on the front door, an' them Mexes have had all they want tryin' to get to 'em in that way. So now they're crawlin' in thru the window. There'll be some hellabaloo in there presently to my notion, an' I want ter be thar ter see the curtain go up. Wharabouts are we, Matt?"

"Back o' the bunkhouse. Whar do yer want ter go? I kin travel 'round yere with my eyes shut."

"The front o' Mendez's cabin," said the marshal shortly. "Better take the other side; if that door is down we'll take those fellows in the rear afore they know what's happening." He chuckled grimly. "We've sure played in luck so far, boys; go easy now, and draw yer guns."

They were half-way along the side wall when the firing began—but it was not the Mexicans this time who began it. The shotgun barked; there was the sound of a falling body; two revolver shots and then the sharp ping of a Winchester. Brennan leaped past the boy ahead, and rounded the corner. A Mexican stood directly in front of the shattered door peering in, a rifle yet smoking in his hands. With one swift blow of a revolver butt the marshal dropped him in his tracks, the fellow rolling off the steps onto the ground. With outstretched hands he stopped the others, holding them back out of any possible view from within.

"Quick now, before that bunch inside gets wise to what's up. We've got 'em cornered. You, Matt, strip the jacket off that Mex, an' get his hat; bunch 'em up together, and set a match to 'em. That's the stuff! Now, the minute they blaze throw 'em in thru that doorway. Come on, Westcott, be ready to jump."

The hat was straw, and the bundle of blazing material landed almost in the center of the floor, lighting up the whole interior. Almost before it struck, the three men, revolvers gleaming in their hands, had leaped across the shattered door, and confronted the startled band huddled in one corner. Brennan wasted no time, his eyes sweeping over the array of faces, revealed by the blaze of fire on the floor.

"Hands up, my beauties—every mother's son of yer. Yes, I mean you, yer human catapiller. Don't waste any time about it; I'm the caller fer this dance. Put 'em up higher, less yer want ter commit suicide. Now drop them rifles on the floor—gently, friends, gently. Matt, frisk 'em and see what other weapons they carry. Ever see nicer bunch o' lambs, Jim?" His lips smiling, but with an ugly look to his gleaming teeth, and steady eyes. "Why they'd eat outer yer hand. Which one of yer is Mendez?"

"He dead, senor," one fellow managed to answer in broken English. "That heem lie dar."

"Well, that's some comfort," but without glancing about. "Now kick the guns over this way, Matt, and touch a match to the lamp on that shelf yonder; and, Jim, perhaps you better stamp out the fire; we'll not need it any more. Great Scott! What's this?"

It was Miss Donovan, her dress torn, her hair disheveled, a revolver still clasped in her hand, half leveled as tho she yet doubted her realization of what had occurred. She emerged from the blackness of the rear room, advanced a step and stood there hesitating, her wide-open eyes gazing about in bewilderment on the strange scene revealed by the glow of the lamp. That searching, pathetic glance swept from face to face about the motionless circle—the cowed Mexican prisoners with uplifted hands backed against the wall; the three dead bodies huddled on the floor; Moore, with the slowly expiring match yet smoking in his fingers; the little marshal, erect, a revolver poised in either hand, his face set and stern. Then she saw Westcott, and her whole expression fell to the floor unnoticed, and the girl sprang toward him, both hands outstretched.

"You!" she cried, utterly giving way, forgetful of all else except the sense of relief the recognition brought her. "You! Oh! Now I know it is all right! I was so sure you would come."

He caught the extended hands eagerly, drawing her close, and looking straight down into the depths of her uplifted eyes. To him, at that moment, there was no one else in the room, no one else in the wide, wide world.

"You knew I would come?" he echoed. "You believed that much in me?"

"Yes; I have never had a doubt. I told him so; that if we only hold out long enough we would be saved. But," her lips quivered, and there were tears glistening in the uplifted eyes, "you came too late for him."

"For him! The man who was with you, you mean? Has he been shot?"

She bent her head, the lips refusing to answer.

"Who was he?"

"Mr. Cavendish—oh!"

It was a cry of complete reaction; the room reeled about her and she would have fallen headlong had not Westcott clasped the slender form closely in his arms. An instant he stood there gazing down into her face. Then he turned toward Brennan.

"Leave us alone, Dan," he said simply. "Get that gang of blacklegs out of here."

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN THE TWO CABINS.

THE marshal's lips smiled.

"Sure, Jim," he drawled, "anything to oblige, altho this is a new one on me. Come on, Matt; it seems the gentleman does not wish to be disturbed—— Well, neither would I under such circumstances. Here you! line up there in single file, and get a move on you—pronto! Show 'em what I mean, Matt; put that guy that talks English at the head—— Yes, he's the one. Now look here, amigo, you march straight out thru that door, and head for the bunkhouse—do you get that?"

"Si, senor; I savvy!"

"Well, you better; tell those fellows that if one of 'em makes a break he's goin' ter be a dead Mex—will yer? Get to the other side of them, Matt; now step ahead—not too fast."

Westcott watched the procession file out, still clasping the partially unconscious girl in his arms. Moore, bringing up the rear, disappeared thru the entrance, and vanished into the night without. Except for the three motionless bodies, they were alone. The lamp on the high shelf flared fitfully in the wind, and the charred embers on the floor exhibited a glowing spark of color. From a distance Brennan's voice growled out a gruff order to his line of prisoners. Then all was still. The eyes of the girl opened slowly, her lids trembling, but as they rested on Westcott's face, she smiled.

"You are glad I came?"

"Glad! Why, I never really knew what gladness meant before."

He bent lower, his heart pounding fiercely, strange words struggling for utterance.

"You love me?"

She looked at him, all the fervent Irish soul of her in her eyes. Then one arm stole upward to his shoulder.

"As you love me," she whispered softly, "as you love me!"

"I can ask no more, sweetheart," he breathed soberly, and kissed her. At last she drew back, still restrained by his arms, but with her eyes suddenly grave and thoughtful.

"We forget," she chided, "where we are. You must let me go now, and see if he is alive. I will wait on the bench, here."

"But you said he had been killed."

"I do not know; there was no time for me to be sure of that. The shot struck him here in the chest, and when he fell he knocked me down. I tore open his shirt, and bound up the wound hastily; it did not bleed much. He never spoke after that, and lay perfectly still."

"Poor old Fred. "I'll do what I can for him—I'll not be away a minute, dear."

He could see little from the doorway, only the dark shadow of a man's form lying full length on the floor. To enter he pushed aside the uptilted bed, picking up the shotgun, and setting it against the log wall. Then he took the lamp down from the shelf, and held it so the feeble light fell upon the upturned face. He stared down at the features thus revealed, unable for the moment to find expression for his bewilderment.

"Can you come here, dear?" he called.

She stood beside him, gazing from his face into those features on which the rays of the lamp fell.

"What is it?" she questioned breathlessly. "Is he dead?"

"I do not know; but that man is not Cavendish."

"Not Cavendish! Why, he told me that was his name; he even described being thrown from the back platform of a train by that Ned Beaton; who can he be, then?"

"That is more than I can guess; only he is not Fred Cavendish. Will you hold the lamp until I learn if he is alive?"

She took it in trembling hands, supporting herself against the wall, while he crossed the room, and knelt beside the motionless figure. A careful examination revealed the man's wound to be painful tho not particularly serious. Westcott carefully redressed the wound as best he could, then with one hand he lifted the man's head and the motion caused the eyelids to flutter. Slowly the eyes opened, and stared up into the face bending over him. The wounded man breathed heavily, the dull stare in his eyes changing to a look of bewildered intelligence.

"Where am I?" he asked thickly. "Oh, yes, I remember; I was shot. Who are you?"

"I am Jim Westcott; do you remember me?"

The searching eyes evidenced no sense of recollection.

"No," he said, struggling to make the words clear. "I never heard that name before."

Miss Donovan came forward, the lamp in her hand, the light shining full in her face.

"But you told me you were Mr. Cavendish," she exclaimed, "and Mr. Westcott was an old friend of his—surely you must remember?"

He looked up at her, and endeavored to smile, yet for the moment did not answer. He seemed fascinated by the picture she made, as tho some vision had suddenly appeared before him.

"I—I remember you," he said at last. "You—you are Miss Donovan; I'll never forget you; but I never saw this man before—I'm sure of that."

"And I am equally convinced as to the truth of that remark," returned Westcott, "but why did you call yourself Cavendish?"

"Because that is my name—why shouldn't I?"

"Why, see here, man," and Westcott's voice no longer concealed his indignation, "you no more resemble Fred Cavendish than I do; there is not a feature in common between you."

"Fred Cavendish?"

"Certainly; of New York; who do you think we were talking about?"

"I've had no chance to think; you jump on me here, and insist I'm a liar, without even explaining what the trouble is all about. I claim my name is Cavendish, and it is; but I've never once said I was Fred Cavendish of New York. If you must know, I am Ferdinand Cavendish of Los Angeles."

Westcott permitted the man's head to rest back on the floor, and he arose to his feet. He felt dazed, stunned, as tho stricken by a sudden blow. His gaze wandered from the startled face of the motionless girl to the figure of the man outstretched on the floor at his feet.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "What can all this mean? You came from New York City?"

"Yes; I had been there a month attending to some business."

"And when you left for the coast you took the midnight train on the New York Central?"

"Yes. I had intended taking an earlier one, but was delayed."

"You bought return tickets at the station?"

"No; I had return tickets; they had to be validated."

"Then your name was signed to them; what is your usual signature?"

"F. Cavendish."

"I thought so. Stella, this has all been a strange blunder, but it is perfectly clear how it happened. That man Beaton evidently had never seen Frederick Cavendish. He was simply informed that he would leave New York on that train. He met this Cavendish on board, perhaps even saw his signature on the ticket, and cultivated his acquaintance. The fellow never doubted but what he had the right man."

The wounded man managed to lift himself upon one elbow.

"What's that?" he asked anxiously. "You think he knocked me overboard, believing I was some one else? That all this happened on account of my name?"

"No doubt of it. You have been the victim of mistaken identity. So have we, for the matter of that." He paused suddenly, overwhelmed by a swift thought. "But what about Fred?" he asked, breathless.

Stella's hand touched his arm.

"He—he must have been the dead man in the Waldron apartments," she faltered. "There is no other theory possible now."

THE marshal of Haskell came out of the bunkhouse and closed the door carefully behind him. He was rather proud of his night's work, and felt quite confident that the disarmed Mexicans locked within those strong log walls, and guarded by Moore, with a loaded rifle across his knee, would remain quiet until daylight. The valley before him was black and silent. A blaze of light shone out thru the broken door and window of the smaller cabin, and he chuckled at remembrance of the last scene he had witnessed there—the fainting girl dying in Westcott's arms. Naturally, and ordinarily, Mr. Brennan was considerable of a cynic, but just now he felt in a far more genial and sympathetic mood.

"Jim's some man," he confided to himself, unconsciously speaking aloud. "An' the girl's a nervy little thing—almighty good lookin', too. I reckon it'll cost me a month's salary fer a weddin' present, so maybe the joke's on me." His mind reverted to Mendez. "Five thousand on the old cuss," he muttered gloomily, "an' somebody else got the chance to pot him. Well, by hooky, whoever it was sure did a good job—it was thet shotgun cooked his goose, judgin' from the way his face was peppered. Five thousand dollars—oh, hell!"

His eyes followed the outline of the valley, able to distinguish the darker silhouette of the cliffs outstanding against the sky sprinkled with stars. Far away toward the northern extremity a dull red glow indicated the presence of a small fire.

"Herders," Brennan soliloquized, his thought instantly shifting. "Likely to be two, maybe three ov 'em out o' the trail. I reckon they're wonderin' what all this yere shootin' means; but 'tain't probable they'll kick up any fuss yet awhile. We can handle them all right, if they do—hullo, there! What's comin' now?"

It was the thud of a horse's hoofs being ridden rapidly. Brennan dropped to the ground, and skurried out of the light. He could perceive nothing of the approaching rider, but whoever the fellow was he made no effort at secrecy. He drove his horse down the bank and into the stream at a gallop, splashed noisily thru the water, and came loping up the nearer incline. Almost in front of the bunkhouse he seemed suddenly struck by the silence and gleam of lights, for he pulled his pony up with a jerk, and sat there, staring about. To the marshal, crouching against the earth, his revolver drawn, horse and man appeared a grotesque shadow.

"Hullo!" the fellow shouted. "What's up? Did you think this was Christmas eve? Hey, there—Mendez; Cateras."

The little marshal straightened up, and took a step forward; the light from the cabin window glistened wickedly on the blue steel of his gun barrel.

"Hands up, Bill!" he said quietly, in a voice carrying conviction. "None of that—don't play with me. Take your left hand an' unbuckle your belt—I said the left. Now drop it into the dirt."

"Who the hell are you?"

"That doesn't make much difference, does it, as long as I've got the drop?" asked the other genially. "But, if you must know to be happy—I'm the marshal o' Haskell. Go easy, boy; you've seen me shoot afore this, an' I was born back in Texas with a weapon in each hand. Climb down off'n that hoss."

Lacy did so, his hands above his head, cursing angrily.

"What kind of a low-down trick is this, Brennan?" he snapped, glaring thru the darkness at the face of his captor. "What's become of Pasqual Mendez? Ain't his outfit yere?"

"His outfit's here all right, dead an' alive," and Brennan chuckled cheerfully, "but not being no gospel sharp I can't just say whar ol' Mendez is. What's left ov his body is in thet cabin yonder, so full o' buckshot it ought ter weigh a ton."

"Dead?"

"As a door nail, if yer ask me. It was some nice ov yer ter come ridin' long here ter-night, Lacy. It sorter helps me ter make good, decent clean-up ov this whole measly outfit. I reckon I'll stow yer away, along with them others. Mosey up them steps there, an' don't take no chances lookin' back."

"I'll get you for this, Brennan."

"Not if the Circuit Court ain't gone out o' business, you won't. I've got yer cinched an' hog tied—here now; get in thar."

He opened the door just wide enough for Lacy to pass, holding it with one hand, his revolver ready and eager in the other.

A single lamp lit the room dingily, revealing the Mexicans bunched on the farther side, a number of them lying down. Moore sat on a stool beside the door, a rifle in the hollow of his arm. He rose up as the door opened, and grinned at sight of Lacy's face.

"Well, I'll be dinged," he said. "What have we got here?"

Brennan thrust his new prisoner forward.

"Another one of yer ol' pals, Matt. You two ought ter have a lot ter talk over, an' thar's six hours yet till daylight."

The little marshal drew back, and closed the door. He heard the echo of an oath, or two, within as he turned the key in the lock. Then he straightened up and laughed, slapping his knee with his hand.

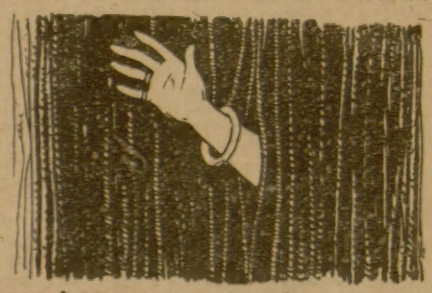
"Well," he said at last, soberly. "I reckon my place will be about yere till sun-up; thar might be some more critters like that gallivantin' round in these parts—I hope Matt's enjoyin' himself."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE REAL MR. CAVENDISH.

IT WAS a hard, slow journey back across the desert. Moore's team and wagon were requisitioned for the pur-

Can The Living Communicate With The Dead?



A most unusual narrative appearing in the Ledger next week gives a serious answer in story form. If the question interests you, read the story. But if you like a story only for the story itself, read it just the same.

"Myra's Fingers"

Next week.

pose, but Matt himself remained behind to help Brennan with the prisoners and cattle, until the party returning to Haskell could send them help.

Westcott drove, with Miss Donovan perched beside him on the spring-seat, and Cavendish lying on a pile of blankets beneath the shadow of the canvas top. It became exceedingly hot as the sun mounted into the sky, and once they encountered a sandstorm, which so blinded horses and driver, they were compelled to halt and turn aside from its fury for nearly an hour. The wounded man must have suffered, yet made no complaint. Indeed he seemed almost cheerful, and so deeply interested in the strange story in which he had unconsciouely borne part, as to constantly question those riding in front for details.

Westcott and Stella, in spite of the drear, dread monotony of those miles of sand, the desolate barrenness of which extended about in every direction, and, at last, weighed heavily upon their spirits, found the ride anything but tedious. They had so much to be thankful for, hopeful over; so much to say to each other. She described all that had occurred during her imprisonment, and he, in turn, told the story of what himself and Brennan had passed thru in the search for her captors. Cavendish listened eagerly to each recital, lifting his head to interject a question of interest, and then dropping wearily back again upon his blankets.

They stopped to lunch at Baxter Springs, and to water the team; and it was considerably after dark when they finally drove creaking up the main street of Haskell and stopped in front of the Timmons House to unload. The street was devoid of excitement, altho the Red Dog was wide open for business, and Westcott caught a glimpse of Mike busily engaged behind the bar. A man or two passing glanced at them curiously, but, possibly because of failure to recognize him in the darkness, no alarm was raised, or any effort made to block their progress. Without Lacy to urge them on, the disciples of Judge Lynch had likely enough forgotten the whole affair. Timmons, hearing the creak of approaching wheels, and surmising the arrival of guests, came lumbering out thru the open door, his face beaming welcome. Behind him the vacant office stood fully revealed in the light of bracket-lamps.

As Westcott clambered over the wheel, and then assisted the lady to alight, the face of the landlord was sufficiently expressive of surprise.

"You!" he exclaimed, staring into their faces doubtfully. "What the Sam Hill does this mean?"

"Only that we've got back, Timmons. Why this frigid reception?"

"Well, this yere is a respectable hotel, an' I ain't goin' ter have it all mussed up by no lynching party," the landlord's voice full of regret. "Then this yere gal; she wrote me she'd gone back East."

Westcott laughed.

"Stow your grouch, old man, and give us a hand. There will be no lynching, because Lacy is in the hands of the marshal. As to this lady, she never sent you that note. She was abducted by force, and has just escaped. Don't stand there like a fool."

"But where did yer come from? This yere is Matt Moore's outfit."

"From the Shoshone Desert, if you must know. I'll tell you the story later. There's a wounded man under the canvas there Come on, and help me carry him inside."

Timmons, sputtering, but impotent to resist, took hold reluctantly, and the two together bore the helpless Cavendish thru the deserted office and up the stairs to the second floor, where he was comfortably settled and a doctor sent for. The task was sufficiently strenuous to require all the breath Timmons possessed, and he managed to repress his eager curiosity until the wounded man had been attended to. Once in the hall, however, and the door closed, he could no longer control himself.

"Now see yere, Jim Westcott," he panted, one hand gripping the stair-rail. "I've got ter know what's up, afore I throw open this yere hotel to yer free use this-away. As a gineral thing I ain't 'round huntin' trouble—I reckon yer know that—but this yere affair beats me. What was it yer said about Bill Lacy?"

"He's under arrest, charged with cattle-stealing, abduction, conspiracy, and about everything else on the calendar. Brennan's got him, and likewise the evidence to convict."

"Good Lord! Is that so?"

"It is; the whole Mendez gang has been wiped out. Old Mendez has been killed. The rest of the outfit, including Juan Cateras, are prisoners."

Timmons' eyes were fairly popping out of his head, his voice a mere thread of sound.

"Don't that beat hell!" he managed to articulate. "Where's the marshal?"

"Riding herd at a place they call Sunken Valley, about fifty miles south of here. He and Moore have got ten or twelve Mexicans, and maybe three hundred head of cattle to look after, until I can send somebody out there to help him bring them in. Now that's all you need to know, Timmons; but I've got a question or two I want to ask you. Come on back into the office."

MISS DONOVAN sat in one of the chairs by the front window waiting. As they entered she arose to her feet. Westcott crossed the room and took her hand.

"He's all right," he assured her quickly, interpreting the question in her eyes. "Tired from the trip, of course, but a night's rest will do wonders. And now, Timmons," he turned to the bewildered landlord, "is that man Enright upstairs?"

"The New York lawyer? No, he got frightened and left. He skipped out the next day after you fellers got away. Bill wanted him to go along with him, but he said he was too sick. Then he claimed to have a telegram callin' him East, but he never did. I reckon he must 've got cold feet 'bout somethin' —enyhow he's gone."

"And Miss La Rue?"

"Sure; she took the same train," eager now to divulge all he knew. "But that ain't her real name—it's a kind o' long name, an' begins with C. I saw it in a letter she left upstairs, but I couldn't make it all out. She's married."

The eyes of Westcott and Miss Donovan met. Here was a bit of strange news—the La Rue woman married, and to a man with a long name beginning with C. The same thought occurred to them both, yet it was evidently useless to question Timmons any longer. He would know nothing, and comprehend less. The girl looked tired, completely worn out, and the affair could rest until morning.

"Take Miss Donovan to a room," Westcott said shortly, "and I'll run upstairs and have another look at Cavendish."

"At who?"

"Cavendish, the wounded man we just carried in."

"Well, that's blamed funny. Say, I don't remember ever hearin' that name before in all my life till just now. Come ter think of it, I believe that was the name in that La Rue girl's letter. I got it yere in the desk; it's torn some, an' don't mean nothin' to me; sounds kinder nutty." He threw open a drawer, rummaging within, but without pausing in speech. "Then a fellow blew in yere this mornin' off the Limited, asking about you, Jim, an' danged if I don't believe he said his name was Cavendish. The register was full, so he didn't write it down, but that was the name all right. And now you tote in another one. What is this, anyhow—a family reunion?"

"You say a man by that name was here—asking for me?"

"Yep; I reckon he's asleep upstairs, for he never showed up at supper."

"In what room, Pete?"

"Nine."

Westcott, with a swift word of excuse to Stella, dashed into the hall, and disappeared up the stairway, taking three steps at a time. A moment later those below heard him pounding at a door; then his voice sounded:

"This is Jim Westcott; open up."

Timmons stood gazing blankly at the empty staircase, mopping his face with a bandanna handkerchief. Then he removed his horn-rimmed spectacles, and polished them, as tho what mind he possessed had become completely dazed.

"Well, I'll be jiggered," he confessed audibly. "What's a-comin' now, I wonder?"

He turned around and noticed Miss Donovan, the sight of her standing there bringing back a reminder of his duty.

"He was a-sayin' as how likely yer wanted to go to bed, Miss."

"Not now; I'll wait until Mr. Westcott comes down. What is that paper in your hand? Is that the letter Miss La Rue left?"

He held it up in surprise, gazing at it thru his glasses.

"Why, Lord bless me—it is, isn't it? Must have took it out o' t'ther drawer an' never thought of the darned thing agin."

"May I see it?"

"Sure; 'tain't o' no consequence ter me; I reckon the woman sorter packed in a hurry, and this got lost. The Chink found it under the bed."

She took it in her hand, and crossed the room, finding a seat beneath one of the bracket-lamps, but with her face turned toward the hall. It was just a single sheet of folded paper, not enclosed in an envelope, and had been torn across, so that the two parts barely held together. She stared at it for a moment, almost motionless, her fingers nervously moving up and down the crease, as tho she dreaded to learn what was within.

She felt that here was the key which was to unlock the secret of this strange crime. Whoever the man upstairs might prove to be—the real Cavendish or some impostor—this paper she held in her hands was destined to be a link in the chain. She unfolded it slowly and her eyes traced the written words within. It was a hasty scrawl, written on the cheap paper of some obscure hotel in Jersey City, extremely difficult to decipher, the hand of the man who wrote exhibiting plainly the excitement under which he labored.

It was a message of warning; he was leaving New York, and would sail that evening for some place in South America, where he did not say. Love only caused him to tell her what had occurred. A strange word puzeld her, and before she could decipher it, voices broke the silence, followed by steps on the stairs. She glanced up quickly; it was Westcott returning, accompanied by a tall, rather slender man with a closely-trimmed beard. The two crossed the room, and she met them standing, the opened letter still in her hand.

"Miss Donovan, this is Frederick Cavendish—the real Frederick Cavendish. I have told him something of the trouble he has been to us all."

The real Frederick Cavendish smiled down into her eyes, while he held her fingers tightly clasped in his own. She believed in him, liked him instantly.

"A trouble which I regret very much," he said humbly. "Westcott has told me

(Continued on Page 15.)

This ghost was a 1921 model

LAST MONTH, on a bet.
WITH THE boys up home.
I SPENT a night.
ALONE IN the old.
HAUNTED HOUSE.
AND WHEN I heard.
MOANS AND groans.
I SAID "The wind."
AND TRIED to sleep.
I HEARD rappings.
AND SAID "Rats."
AND ROLLED over.
THEN I heard steps.
AND IN the light.
OF A dying moon.
A WHITE spook rose.
I WASN'T scared—much.
BUT DIDN'T feel like.
STARTING ANYTHING.
BUT THEN I caught.
JUST A faint whiff.
OF A familiar.
AND DELICIOUS smell.
WHICH TIPPED me off.
SO I gave the ghost.
THE HORSE laugh.
AND SAID "Ed.
YOU FAT guys.
MAKE BUM ghosts.
BUT BEFORE you fade.
LEAVE WITH me one.
OF YOUR cigarettes.
THEY SATISFY."

THAT spicy, delicious aroma of fine tobaccos, both Turkish and Domestic, makes you almost hungry for the "satisfy-smoke." And there isn't a ghost of a chance you'll ever find its equal anywhere—for the Chesterfield blend is an *exclusive* blend. It can't be copied.

Have you seen the new AIR-TIGHT tins of 50?

They Satisfy **Chesterfield** CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Seas of Death

By Archie Joscelyn

AT LAND'S END they stood, where the earth dropped away ninety feet to the raging seas below. She was young for all her 22 years, and he, being two years older, scarce appeared so, as the late sun of afternoon ruffled his bronzed hair, and touched the cheeks which twenty and four years beside the sea had never tanned. And then—at Land's End—the earth fell away, and he was carried from her. A sheer rush of wind there was, and then a splash which threw the spray upward the ninety feet to where she yet stood upon the brink. A brief moment later she caught one glimpse of his face amid the lashing waves—one, and a fog, sweeping in with the wind, had hidden him away. A gasping, choking cry was borne to her ears, as tho the strangling hand of Death had clutched upon his throat; then Allan Darrow was gone, and the fog hung over the sea.

The shock of the waters roused him. He had stepped out too far—and now, with the fog all about him, he realized the hugeness of the task of his fight for life. A rock, falling with the slide, had struck his head, and the pain was severe. His strength seemed taxed beyond belief, as if he had been swimming an eternity, and it seemed time to quit struggling and die. But he could not do it—there was somewhere in him the memory of fighting seas, and winning—and he must do it again. There was some reason why he must do this—a reason which he strove to comprehend, and remembered. Tomorrow was to be their wedding day, and he must regain the shore and go to her—she would be waiting for him. And his name was Allan Darrow. It sounded strange in his own ears—but he had been fighting the sea for so long.

The wind whipped the fog away, as suddenly as it had brought it—whipped it back from the shore, to hold it, a blank and tumbling wall, half a mile away on the sea—just as it had been before, while they gazed at it from the point; now the shore stretched close at hand—he had come the quarter-mile, down to where the beach sloped gently to the sea. She was waiting there, a couple of hundred yards inland, looking off in another direction. She did not see him as he crawled out on the shore, and lay panting, in the late sun of afternoon.

He felt tired and aged in every bone of his body—it had been a long, fearful struggle in that hour in the sea—his clothes hung in rags from his body, and he looked even as he felt—years older. He arose and shook himself, repeating his name aloud—Allan Darrow. Yes, that was it, and tomorrow he was to be married, and after that he would hang out his sign, and commence that brilliant career as a lawyer which his friends had predicted for him. Mildred, waiting up the beach, was unchanged. The change was all in him.

He approached her now, suddenly conscious that he was fearfully wet and unkempt. His hands appeared huge and coarse to what he had thought them—a wisp of hair, a fiery red it seemed, brushed across his eyes, coarse and grimy. He brushed it aside, and spoke her name. She turned then, suddenly, and viewed him with startled eyes—but she made no move to come to him, to comfort his weary head and body, as he had hoped for. He stopped uncertainly. He was barefooted, a glance disclosed—had probably kicked off his shoes, the better to swim.

"Mildred," he repeated, and was startled at the hoarse, harsh sound of his voice. Its well modulated, compelling tone had been his pride. Something had changed him in that hour of the sea. Still she regarded him in wonder, and, he thought, a growing fear and something akin to disgust. Desperately he stammered on.

"I'm back—it was a terrible swim, and I'm very tired, Mildred—don't you know me?" he suddenly cried, advancing. "Allan Darrow? Don't you know me, Mildred? An hour ago we stood on the cliffs back there—at Land's End 'tis called. Did you think I was drowned? Well, I'm not—I am here, and tomorrow is to be our wedding day. Don't you remember?"

There was a new look in her eyes now—one he could not fathom, and also something of a slow, incredulous recognition. Slowly she spoke—repeated his name, but still she made no move to approach him—seemed even to shrink from him as he approached—and again he stopped, utterly at a loss. Suddenly he swayed—his legs were leaden, and sank down on the ground, clasping his aching head for a moment. "I'm very—weary, Mildred," he murmured, apologetically, "and my head—is confused."

Then it was that she came slowly toward him—touched him, his hair, almost doubtingly, and at her touch he shook himself, roughly, and arose.

"I'm better now," he said. "Swallowed to much water, I guess. Shall we go back? You must be very tired."

A voice hailed them from somewhere, and a man approached. "Mildred," he cried, and glanced sidewise at Darrow, a glance of disgust. "What are you doing here, fellow?" he demanded. "Get back to your lodgings—are you crazy, to be about here?"

Darrow regarded him a moment, doubtfully. "Apperson," he said finally. "I didn't recognize you at first. You look older than I thought you did—somehow."

Apperson gave him a second quick glance. "Oh, know me, do you? I've become pretty well known—in the last ten years."

He turned to Mildred. "Come, dear, we must be getting back—they're expecting us now, and you must be well rested for our wedding day tomorrow."

"What?" Darrow recognized some of the familiar crispness in his voice, as he spun on Apperson. "What do you mean, Bob Apperson? YOUR wedding day! Tomorrow's to be OUR wedding day—Mildred's and mine—as God is above us. What do you mean?"

"Who—what do you mean?" Apperson had fallen back a step, and was regarding him in amazement. "Who are you?"

"Who do you suppose I am, if not Allan Darrow?" shot back Darrow, and suddenly paused, his flow of words checked, at the look which overspread Apperson's face. And then, after a moment, the look changed to one of utter loathing and contempt.

"You scoundrel," said Apperson, "you lying scoundrel! Allan Darrow died ten years ago—ten years ago today, I remember. He fell from Land's End, into the sea—as rough that day as it is today—and no man could live a half hour in it. And now you—a drunken, beastly sailor of the lowest order that sails the seven seas—having heard the story, and, I doubt not, having been smoking opium or some other foul drug—you come here in this way! Get back into your sea!"

"'Lo, Garge—Sink Me, Bob; but It Is Garge!"

DARROW glanced from the raging Apperson to Mildred, and the look on her face confirmed his rival's charge. But there was something else in her look, and suddenly she crossed to Apperson and laid her hand on his arm, which he had drawn back, as if to strike the sailor. "Don't, Bob," she pleaded. "It's he—Allan, came back from the sea. I know him!"

Apperson halted in bewilderment, and regarded Darrow more closely. As for Darrow himself, he felt suddenly very old and weary.

"I don't understand," he said slowly, "but if you say it's so, Mildred, why—it is. Perhaps I've been for ten years in the sea—I remember nothing except falling from the point, and that tomorrow was to be our wedding day, but how could I have lived in the sea—for ten years?"

"You didn't," said Apperson harshly. "You lived on it—as a common sailorman, to judge by your—appearance. Whether you're Darrow or not, I won't pretend to say, how you could be, I can't imagine. But here's a glass—look at yourself, if you're Allan Darrow."

He drew forth a pocket mirror and tendered it. Darrow started back in dismay at the visage which he beheld—the auburn hair, now coarse and reddened, long and unkempt; a face, bloated and red, and aged far beyond his years; the open neck of a ragged sailor's blouse, tanned and red; a face, as Apperson had said, of a sailor of the lowest order of the seven seas. A long moment he looked, yet, when he tendered the glass back, there was a stubborn outthrusting of his chin.

"It looks as tho I'd been what you say, in the ten years, Apperson," he said, "and my looks also seem to prove the ten-year tale. But they're all blank years to me, and I'll begin over again. After all, I can't be but 34, and you must be that old. Let's get back to a hotel—I want a room and bath, clean clothes, and a—haircut, I'd say."

"They won't let you in any decent hotel," said Apperson coldly.

"Won't they?" said Darrow. "We'll see."

"I'll see that they do, Allan," spoke Mildred quietly.

Apperson turned to her, in perplexity. "You don't intend to—take up with him again, even if he is—him, do you?" he inquired.

"I intend to see that he gets a fair chance, anyway," she said, not looking at either of them, "for I know that he's Allan Darrow. There's an old scar on the side of his face, hidden by his hair. And—you'll understand, Bob, we can't be married tomorrow, now."

Apperson said nothing, and the three walked on in silence. The city, as Darrow remembered it, should have been a mile away, yet it seemed closer. It could have built up, in ten years, he suddenly remembered. Presently they entered a part of the town which he vaguely recognized—the sailors' quarters. Mildred shot a quick look of reproach at Apperson, and Darrow guessed that the man had deliberately led them thru that quarter. He could guess why. A moment later the door of a small shop—a grog shop, Darrow decided—swung open, and two men lurched out. He turned away in disgust, much the same disgust that Apperson had felt at seeing him, and observed a look of triumph on Apperson's face, for one of the sailors had hailed him—him, Darrow.

"'Lo, Garge—sink me Bob, but it is Garge, ain't it—I thought he was down wi' Davy now—but it's him i' the flesh, ain't it, Bob? Swept off the ship—arf a mile out—too much grog; said 'e was comin' to a dry larnd and 'd get a plenty ter last him. I thought 'e'd done it for sure, but there 'e is—arnd won't even look art us. What's wrang, Garge? Don't yer know me? Me as pulled yer art o' the bloomin' sea right near 'ere, ten larng year ago? In a fog that was larke the mists of 'ell, as you said? Farm out there was still plenty of grog to be 'ad, dry or no, ain't ye? W'at? Won't even look at 'is old pals, Bob. Garge the Devil 'e was called and Garge the Devil 'e is still—won't even see me, and it's the first time 'e never would—to the devil wi Garge, say I. Got swell friends—W'at!"

The three walked on, saying nothing, only on Apperson's face was the look of disgust more strongly pictured. Mildred was looking away; once, when she did look quickly at him, Darrow saw a look of pity on her face, and was glad when she looked away. So that was his history. And he had been known as Garge the Devil, companion of such as that——

They were coming now to a better part of town. A policeman glanced sharply at him, then at Apperson, who walked on one side, and Mildred, who had quietly taken her place on his other side—and said nothing. Passersby glanced curiously at them as they passed; he could see Mildred flushing, see a brick red of anger creeping up in Apperson's cheeks. Apperson had always been quick-tempered, and even as boys, college mates, members of the same law class, they had not got on well. There were hard lines in Apperson's face now, which the years had put there. If he had won fame, it had been at a cost. Then a window reflected his own face—bloated and red. He had fallen farther than Apperson in the ten years. Of the three, Mildred alone seemed unchanged. She was as fresh and young as she had been, ten years agone.

THERE was no sensation in the papers at the return of Allan Darrow. The fact that he was alive was briefly chronicled, with the note that he had been spending his time in foreign countries, his mind a blank, due to a blow on the head, where he had been struck by a falling rock when he fell with the caving earth at Land's End, and it was supposed that some unremembered accident had restored his memory. Further than that, nothing was said, and the notice itself was very small and obscure. Darrow knew that he had to thank Apperson for that—and the reason had been, not liking for for himself, but a desire that a picture of his face, as it was now, should not be published, and Mildred's name connected with it.

Darrow had left money, and, tho it had been long spent by others, the most of it was returned to him within a few weeks. During those weeks he became outwardly respectable again, so far as clothes were concerned, and his face lost its bloated look. It would never again be the face it had once been, but its repellent nature was leaving it. He had found his old diploma, and had hung out his sign—an irregular proceeding, but one that was allowed. His mind was still keen, tho rusty from disuse, and so far behind the times that he found it hard to face the readjustment. Things that he had perhaps known during the ten years were an utter blank to him now. Automobiles appalled him by their number and their speed. Airships he had scarcely ever heard of. It was a week before he learned that there had been a war. He seemed hopelessly out of the world, a thing apart, caught and held back by currents as inexorable as the sea itself.

At such times, a black current would sweep over him, a mood from which he could scarcely free himself. Dim memories, never more than that, flooded his mind—of creaking ships upon the seas; of dim and distant ports in lands both tropical and frigid; of grog shops and holes worse than those; of a life at which he had shuddered, in the years before the ten, when, living beside the sea, he had encountered a stray current of it. And at such times a fierce longing which he could not but know, came over him, for the feel of a careening ship beneath his feet, for the old life which he had vaguely known, for—as he knew—the feel of blows and the chance to deliver them, for the taste of liquor hotter than grog. At such times his face would grow hard and bestial again.

Only one thing puzzled him in all this vague sea of memory, one thing that he could not account for, and that, the feel of blows and the desire to give them in fierce combat. Scars on his body proved that such had been given and taken, but he could not comprehend. Could not, until one day Apperson dropped into his little law office, and, while there, told him the mystery.

"What do you intend to do about—Mildred?" he had asked, with that hard, contemptuous look which Darrow now knew was habitual with him, and Darrow, with all his old fighting instinct, had resented it.

"I intend to marry her—if she so wills it," he had replied. "She loved me first, before she ever, thinking me dead, engaged herself to you. And I think that she still loves me. I love her more than ever I did before," he added reverently. "But it lies with her. She shall choose between us, for it is her happiness I seek."

"Do you?" demanded Apperson sneeringly. "And yet you talk of letting her marry you. Tie herself to you—to such a thing as you have been. I grant you, Darrow, that you were once a man of highest character—and are trying to be

again. But, despite all, you have lived ten years that can never be eradicated. Do you know what your reputation was during those ten years? Probably you don't, for I grant that you are sincere in saying that they are all a blank to you—but I know, and the world knows. I, working quietly here, have achieved some little fame, but none to equal yours. I knew who you were, and so did Mildred, when that drunken sailor hailed you as Garge the Devil. What a cursed name that was upon the seas! It was the synonym of a brute—brute, I say, in all ways, if a half that has been written about you can be believed. A fighter, who was always the trouble-maker on the ships; whether you ever killed a man or not, I don't know, but as Garge the Devil you fought captains of ships, led mutinies on the high seas, and were always a demonlike fighter, afloat and ashore. I could find you the papers proving the story, but I will not do that. For a time I tried to doubt that sailor's word—in memory of the man you had once been. But Garge the Devil disappeared at the time you returned, was swept overboard with a blow from a belaying pin, I think it is called, on that same day, off Land's End point. Your pictures have also been published, chiefly, I suppose, because a certain pride was felt in you as how bad a man the sea could produce. So there is no room for doubt. And, tho now you may live the life of a man, can you imagine letting a woman who you claim to love marry such a thing? You can see a milder symbol of what you were in any grog shop."

He stopped, and, after a moment, took up his hat, and left. But with Darrow he left a shadow that was blacker than death. For he could not but believe. And now, at periods which recurred more frequently, came those moods of black depression, that longing for the giving and taking of blows, the surge of the ship, and the taste of the hot liquor. Darrow fought the feeling, fought the desire to go down to the grog shops, to be a beast again. He wanted to go there, wanted the liquor that he knew he could still buy there. So one day he went.

Yet he returned from that pilgrimage without having entered a shop or drank a drop, and with a feeling of utter disgust and loathing. For a week then he worked, for he was by now getting a little practice—a cleaner practice than Apperson was making his name famous and feared with. But after that the black periods would return, the longing.

HE HAD not gone to see Mildred again, after that talk with Apperson. He loved her too much to allow her to marry him, he declared to himself, and in that very thought that she was not for him, grew a fiercer longing for the wildness, the chance to forget. It was three weeks from the day that he had journeyed to the grogshops, and dusk was in the little office, fantastic and black, with a light, a red eye from across the street, blinking evilly, when Mildred came in and found him.

"Why do you come here?" he had asked, haggard-eyed.

'Because you did not come to me, Allan, I have come to you," she replied simply.

"God have mercy," he said miserably, "I have stayed away because I loved you, and am not fit to be near you. I am what that sailor said on that night—Garge the Devil. I am not fit for you. Apperson is at least not so low a thing as I am, and he loves you."

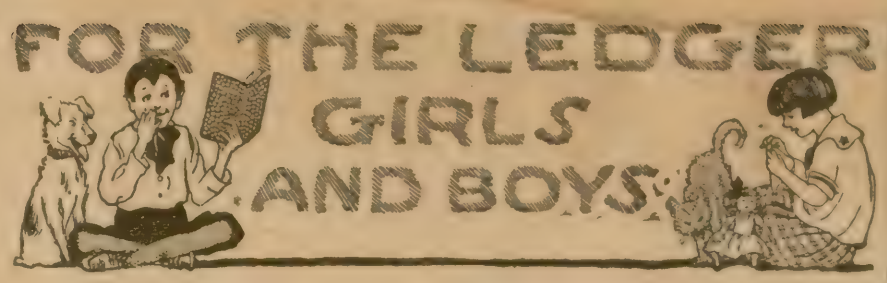
"What would you do if I married him?" she asked.

"Do?" he repeated slowly. "I would go back to the seas of death, to the life I loathe, and the life I long for. With you, I could win the fight here, and be a man again—but I would be less a man if I did it at your expense. So—go back to Apperson. As for me, it's the sea again, and the death."

His voice was low but fierce, and his eyes burned with a fire as from a pit of hell. But there was yet something very desolate and lonely and broken as he sat there, in the desolate silence, after the door closed, and he knew himself alone and her gone. But suddenly, tho the minutes had been long, he knew that, somehow, she was yet there beside him, and a sudden great peace drove the blackness from his heart as she reached out and drew his head into her arms.

"Dear," she whispered tenderly, "life is not all a death, and you are a man, as ever you were. A fighter you may have been, and the hot liquor you probably drank, but you could not be less than a man. And you are the man I love. I have waited without telling you—for a little while, to be sure—but, dear, now I know you to be worthy. Don't say that you still can't marry me, for I am your wife. That afternoon—have you so long forgotten, and never remembered?—we went and were quietly married, preferring it to waiting another day. An hour later you were lost to me, but now you have been returned. I had thought you dead, and had never told, at first from grief, and after that—I didn't. But I have the marriage certificate at home, and, oh, my husband, we will face life together!"

The planet Neptune is farthest from the sun in our solar system.



A Novel Party.

BOBBY wanted to give a party that was different from any other party that he had ever attended. Mother always had the best ideas, so he sought her aid. She put on her thinking cap and this is the party that Bobby gave. The invitations were cut from brown paper in the shape of a Noah's Ark—the windows colored red and the roof crayoned in green. On the reverse side in white ink was written the message:

"Beware of the Flood! If you want to escape climb aboard the Ark next Saturday afternoon. Everybody must be aboard at my house by 3 o'clock.

"BOBBY BURNS.
"123 Green Road."

When the curious and excited little guests arrived they were shown into as many different rooms as possible and after their hats and coats had been removed each child was given a mask representing some animal. Thus disguised they trooped down stairs where Bobby, dressed like Mr. Noah, was waiting to greet them. Then each guest was given a pencil and a piece of paper and the fun began. The game was to see how many of the animals they could guess and as soon as they discovered who it was that was hidden beneath a mask, down on the paper went the name of that child. At the end of five minutes the papers were collected and the child with the longest correct list received a book of animal stories as a prize.

Then the masks were taken off and the children marched into the nursery, which was fixed up like a real ark. Straw on the floor; and hay piled in the corner for the animals to enjoy on their long voyage. And such games! Pin the trunk on the elephant! Hunt the peanut! Circus stunts! And then the ark dinner gong sounded and the hungry animals fairly tumbled over themselves to get into the dining-room. The place cards were little Noah's Arks and the favors were tiny wooden animals.

Before the guests knew it, it was time to go home, and a sorry crowd they were to leave Ark Land, where they had had such a jolly afternoon.

Do you think that party was fun? If you want to know just try it.

Monthly Birthday Book

JULY.

1. 1725—Comte de Rochambeau.
2. 1714—Gluck, the composer.
3. 1423—Louis XI. of France.
4. 1804—Nathaniel Hawthorne, author.
5. 1755—Sarah Siddons, actress.
6. 1747—John Paul Jones.
7. 1699—Richard Dana, patriot.
8. 1790—Fitz-Greene Halleck, poet.
9. 1777—Henry Hallam, historian.
10. 1509—John Calvin, theologian.
11. 1767—John Quincy Adams.
12. 1817—Henry Thoreau, author.
13. 1632—Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Petersborough.
14. 1602—Cardinal Mazarin.
15. 1656—General Langbaine, writer.
16. 1723—Sir Joshua Reynolds, painter.
17. 1674—Dr. Isaac Watts.
18. 1720—Gilbert White, naturalist.
19. 1789—John Martin, painter.
20. 1796—Corot, painter.
21. 1664—Matthew Prior, poet.
22. 1621—Anthony Ashley Cooper, politician.
23. 1816—Charlotte Cushman, actress.
24. 1802—Alexander Dumas, pere.
25. 1859—David Belasco.
26. 1456—Henry VII.
27. 1824—Alexander Dumas, fils
28. 1458—Jacob Sannazaro, poet.
29.
30. 1763—Samuel Rogers, poet.
31.

Why July Is Celebrated the World Over.

Alaska, July 4, Independence day.
Algeria, July 14, the fall of the Bastile.
Argentina, July 9, proclamation of National Independence.
Belgium, July 21, National Independence day.
Brazil, July 14, Liberty day.
Canada, July 1, Dominion day.
China, July 1, summer holidays.
Colombia, July 20, Independence.
France, July 14, the fall of the Bastile.
Hawaii, July 4, Independence day.
Peru, July 28, 29, 30, National Independence days.
Serbia, July 12, the King's birthday.
Philippine Islands, July 4, Independence day.
Panama, July 4, American Independence day.
Porto Rico, July 4, Independence day.
Siam, July 14, National fete.
Spain, July 25, the day of the Patron Saint of Spain.
Turkey, July 23, Proclamation of the Constitution.
Uruguay, July 18, Constitution day
Venezuela, July 5, Independence day.

The Last Day of School.

THE schoolhouse door is open wide
As out the children troop,
And hurry on their homeward way
A happy carefree group.

For school days now are over
Vacation has begun,
And all the kiddies' thoughts and speech
Is of the summer fun.

The old bell in the steeple
So noisy as a rule
Is silenced now till autumn,
For 'tis the last of school.

The teacher, too, is happy—
She locks her books away,
And with them packs her worries
On this, the last school day.
And all the world rejoices
For playtime now is here—
And playtime is a gaytime,
The best time of the year.

A New Bloomer.

JOAN was a town-bred little girl, and the holiday she had been looking forward to with very great glee arrived, and she was allowed to go down to spend several weeks on her aunt's farm.

One morning, while walking in the orchard she saw a peacock for the first time, with the beautiful feathers spread out to its full extent.

Running to her aunt, the little maid cried:

"Oh, auntie, do come and see! There's an old chicken in bloom!"

Dont Send a Penny

We say this stunning blouse is absolutely without equal at our smashed price and we willingly send it for you to judge. Keep your money till blouse arrives—then pay only the bargain price and try it on in your home. Notice the elaborate embroidered design and if you are not convinced that you save at least half, send it back. We will cheerfully return your money.

New Tie-Back Model

Embroidered Voile Blouse

98c

Delivered FREE

Made of good material. Tie-Back style. Front trimmed with all-over embroidery. Latest style round neck. Back finished with elastic. Comes in white with rose or blue embroidery. Sizes, bust 34 to 46. Order by No. BX718. State size, and color embroidery wanted.

Big Saving! But you must send quick. Only 1,000 of these charming blouses in the lot and they will soon be gone. Remember—no money—just post card or letter and pay only 98c on arrival. We have paid delivery charges. If this blouse does not compare with models at twice our smashed price, return it and we will send your money back.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 8778. Chicago

Dont Send a Penny

Men! Price cut saves you half! See these pants at our risk. Send no money. Pay only when pants arrive. Examine and try on. If you don't think you're getting twice the value you could get elsewhere, return pants and back goes your money.

Worsted Pants for WORK or DRESS

Cut Price $1.69 *On arrival*

Very substantial, closely worsted cloth, double sewed throughout. Full size side, hip and watch pockets; belt loops; neatly trimmed and finished. Comes in dark gray striped pattern which goes well with any color coat. Sizes, 30 to 42 inch waist measure; 29 to 34 inch inseam. Order by No. CX735.

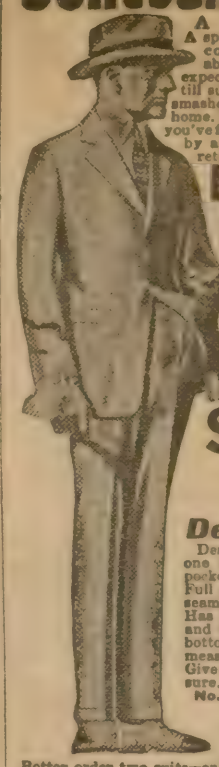
Delivered FREE

Don't let this chance pass. Send no money—just post card or letter. Pay only the bargain price, $1.69, on arrival. We have paid delivery charges. If not amazed with your saving, send them back and you are not out a cent. What size shall we send?

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 8778, Chicago

Dont Send a Penny

A record-breaking bargain. A splendid, stylish summer suit of cool, serviceable material at about half what you would expect to pay. Keep your money till suit arrives. Then pay only the smashed price and try suit on in your home. Send it back if you don't think you've found the biggest value offered by any house today and we will return your money at once.



Panama Beach 2-Piece Suit

Extra fine beach cloth in both striped and plain tan. Striped model is tan with blue hair-line stripe. Coat cut in latest style, arms strongly reinforced with taped seams stitched and well finished. See if you can match this suit for less than $7—yet our smashed price is only—

$3.95 *On Arrival*

Delivered FREE

Designed with 3 patch pockets, one breast pocket and two side pockets. Ivory buttons to match. Full cut trousers with reinforced seams, pocketing of heavy drill. Has belt loops, two side, two hip and one watch pocket. Cuffs at bottom. Sizes 34 to 44 inch chest measure; trousers in proportion. Give chest, waist and inseam measure. Order striped pattern by No. CX1445. Plain tan by No. CX1447. Price guaranteed lowest in the U. S.

Sensational!

Better order two suits—one of each pattern—while this offer holds good. Send only post card or letter. Pay bargain price on arrival. We have paid delivery charges. Then examine the splendid material and careful tailoring and note the trim stylish lines. If not satisfied, return suit and we refund your money. Be sure to give measurements. Send today while cut price holds good.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 8778, CHICAGO

3 PERCALE APRONS $1.39 *On arrival*

A most daring offer. All three aprons at this sensational price—but don't send one cent now. Post card or letter brings them. Pay only on arrival. Then examine them at your leisure. If you don't think the outfit worth $2.50 to $3.00, return them and we will refund your money.

Dont Send a Penny

Handsome, serviceable aprons of fine quality percale, cut in practical high bib effect. Wonderfully long wearing and an amazing bargain at this special price.

Delivered FREE

Newest style with armholes and shoulder straps trimmed with a braid edging. Cut extra full with very large sweep and finished in back with bow sash. Trimmed with two extra large patch pockets with braid edging. Furnished in assorted good colors. Order by No. BX346.

Sold in Sets of 3 only.

Sizes—Large, Small, Medium

Order by No. BX345

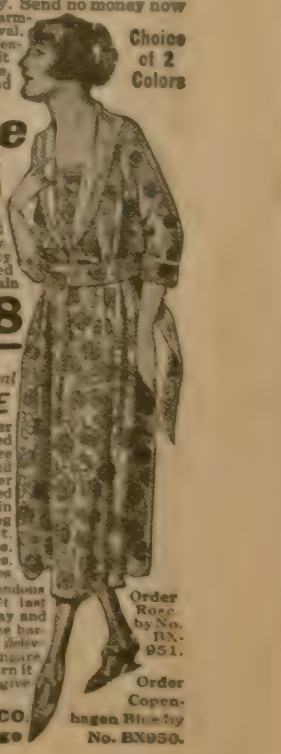
Big Saving!

Send no money—just letter or postal and pay only the bargain price, $1.39, on arrival. If not satisfied, return outfit and we refund money. Order large, medium or small size. Order today.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 8778, CHICAGO

Dont Send a Penny

There will be a flood of orders for this wonderful dress bargain, so act quickly. Send no money now—just tell us to ship you this charming frock. Pay only on arrival. Then try it on—examine every feature—and if you don't think it worth easily double our price, send it back and we will refund your money by return mail.



Choice of 2 Colors

Charming Flowered Voile DRESS

You have never had an idea that you could buy a beautiful summer frock for so little money. The material is a splendid quality printed voile in charming flowered pattern. A sensational bargain

While They Last $1.78 *On arrival*

Delivered FREE

Stylish gown has collar of sheer white lawn in long roll effect edged with pretty Val. lace. Voile vestee trimmed with pearl buttons and Val. lace. Set-in three-quarter length sleeves have cuffs piped with white lawn. Belt finishes in back bow-tie sash. Full flaring skirt shirred all around under belt. Colors: Copenhagen blue or rose. Ladies' sizes, bust 34 to 46 inches. Misses' sizes, bust 32 to 38 inches.

Sensational! Such a tremendous bargain can't last long. Send letter or postal today and when dress arrives pay only the bargain price, $1.78. We have paid delivery charges. If dress doesn't compare with others at $4.00 or $5.00, return it and money back. Be sure to give size wanted and order quick!

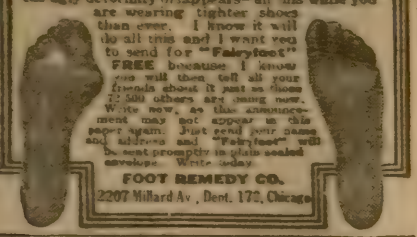
Order Rose by No. BX951.

Order Copenhagen Blue by No. BX950.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO Dept. 8778, Chicago

Your Bunion Can Be Cured
INSTANT RELIEF
Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim that "Fairyfoot" is the only successful cure for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send it to you FREE, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures or shields or pads you ever tried without success I don't care how disgusted you feel with them all—you have not tried my cure and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send you this treatment absolutely FREE. It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment which relieves you almost instantly of all pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. I know it will do all this and I want you to send for "Fairyfoot" FREE because I know you will then tell all your friends about it just as those 72,500 others are doing now. Write now, as this announcement may not appear in this paper again. Just send your name and address and "Fairyfoot" will be sent promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.



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Eveless Isle

(Continued From Page 4)

He had issued a warning, simultaneous with his relinquishment of the management, that bettors would best beware the event. Interested parties who had sworn they would get John Wotkyns for that act had been balked of their revenge. Before they could make raids upon his New York establishment imperative by a harassed police force, the place had been closed by the proprietor himself.

John Wotkyns had retired. Where, no one knew for a time, then the fact that he had turned California rancher drifted back to his former association. Why, had never been satisfactorily answered. The sporting world, which must account for everything, insisted that mysterious millionaire backers had suddenly frozen John out, with nothing left to him but the comparative pittance that went into his ranch.

Cummings, in his cogitations, inclined to think in the light of what he saw here, that there must be foundation for the rumor of the forcing out of Wotkyns. Certainly the man, tho he never allowed himself consciously to show emotions of any kind, poorly concealed the fact that he was discontented in his new environment.

Soon after the departure the following morning of the light auto truck which was to take the Mexican boy to the nearest town and return with Cummings' tire, Wotkyns excused himself to his visitor. He must take his morning horseback ride, he explained.

"Part of my routine. I'd be lost without a routine," he said. "Poke around the ranch and ask the help questions for awhile. They can tell you more farm facts than I can," he said, again with his slow smile, which Cummings found disconcerting at all times.

The writer did poke around, but not with the help. His visit had shown him that the interior of the adobe was an exceedingly tastefully furnished dwelling. Here were none of the marks of the retired gambler which one might have expected. The very pictures on the wall were a surprise to Cummings, led to look for half-dressed ladies in the quarters of gamblers. But the remembrance that Wotkyns had been noted as much for his aversion for women as for his honesty explained this omission. A visual search, which carefully avoided touching a single paper, of Wotkyns' desk revealed nothing.

When Cummings emerged from the house the rural mail carrier had just stopped at the box by the gate. He waved a genial hand and drove on in his loudly chugging little auto. Prepared to explain that he was looking for a tool lost the night before, when he drove his car up to the ranch garage, Cummings made his way to the gate and the box. Within the receptacle he found several newspapers and a single letter. It more the imprint of a Middle Western orphanage.

Alertly anxious, Cummings stood with the letter in his hand, looking up and down the road, over and across the ranch. It was positively essential to his purpose that he find some way of opening the gambling isle project to Wotkyns—and of pressing it. This letter! It might hold some secret of the gambler's life, something that could, if need be, constitute a final club of persuasion. Had John Wotkyns, with all his saintly reputation regarding women, some malodorous scandal in his past? Resolutely, Cummings walked to the shade of the big oak.

The letter was imperfectly sealed and, like many others of its kind in a day of hurried manufacture, could be opened by the simplest expedient, plus nerve. Cummings slipped the blunt end of his pencil beneath the fold and twirled it. The dried gum gave. On an unfolded sheet of paper Nathan Cummings, romancer, read something which took his breath away by its surprising incongruity. The letter was from the mother superior of the orphanage, thanking Mr. Wotkyns for his wondrous gift, which had made possible entirely new buildings for the institution, and telling him of progress made. Its purpose was a plea that he withdraw his requirement of secrecy and allow one of the buildings, if not the entire institution, to be called by his name. For at least one curious man the question of what had become of John Wotkyns' once reputed fortune was answered. Why it had been thus disposed of was a greater mystery than ever.

When Wotkyns came back he brought with him from the mail box what he found therein. Sitting near his guest in the ramada he read without comment the letter and tore it into bits, while he looked across the hills; how far across them no one could say. He remained abstracted thruout the noon meal, which he prepared himself, since his boy was gone. When it was over he said:—

"Cummings, you better stay over another night. I have to go away this afternoon, but I'll be back by dinner time. The boy won't be much ahead of me and by the time you get that tire on it will be too late to go far tonight."

Well concealing his glee at the proposal, Cummings accepted it. An afternoon of poking about, in the house instead of outside, did not reward him. He suffered a guilty feeling in his actions, not from conscience, but because he could not account for the change in attitude of John Wotkyns, slight as had been the warning toward him. Nervously, he wondered if he had been watched in the morning when he opened the orphanage letter.

It was long after the return of the Mexican boy and the fixing of the tire, that Wotkyns came driving in, in the fast roadster in which he had departed. Dust on the car told of a considerable journey. The men ate in almost total silence, the one apparently busy with his thoughts, tho what their nature might be his face gave no trace; the other equally busy with foreboding that had become to assume an uncomfortable realism.

When the meal was over Wotkyns ordered his boy to kindle a blaze in the big fireplace of the living-room, for the evenings were cool. He himself placed two big chairs before it and brought out a box of cigars to put on the little stand between them. Seating himself in one and waving Cummings to the other, he said:

"Now, Nat Cummings, what brought you here?"

The writer gasped once. Then, with the frankness of a poker player who has been called, he answered:

"To make you king of the gambling world."

Far into the night the men talked, the tempter dropping all his unsuccessful subterfuges in an exposition of the big idea of Herbert Sanford.

III.

THE elation which should have been Nathan Cummings' when he next conferred with those who were making gamblers' island possible, was considerably dulled by additional information which he was forced to supply. Like all good bargainers, he put forth the best side first, with a presentation of the fact that John Wotkyns had consented to give serious consideration to the offer of heading the syndicate.

"That is a good piece of work," Sanford hastened to announce, before any one else could speak. "In my—shall I say innocence, gentlemen—I was a little bewildered by the emphasis you put on the necessity of obtaining this man Wotkyns, with whose history I was unfamiliar. But I have had investigations made and am told he is the only proven honest gambler that ever lived. I do not need to put force, I presume, in the assertion that our one hope of becoming successful rivals of those robbers below the border lies in strict honesty with our patrons. The regular trade percentages will pay us enormous profits. I have some figures here prepared for me by an expert accountant from data from Monte Carlo, which I will be glad to read to you."

The publisher cleared his throat and the opportunity at interruption thereby afforded was quickly embraced by his banker partners to get back to more immediate affairs. But their smiles were not entirely of amusement. Satisfaction mingled therein. Sanford was an exceedingly wealthy man and the greater his enthusiasm the smaller the amount of actual capital they would be called upon to furnish in this enterprise, the risks of which they realized and accepted, where he ignored them.

"I'm glad you got Wotkyns," Haas said. "He knows his business. Where is he?"

"I left him outside," Cummings answered. "Before we called him in I thought I better tell you there is a little hitch over the concession. Calles must think we have a big barrel. He merely sniffed at our top price of $25,000 which I finally offered him. But I have a scheme I think will bring him around."

Sanford's "Let's hear it," was overruled by the two bankers.

"Mr. Wotkyns has put on many fights and races in Mexico and knows how to handle those people. You, yourself, said he could get the concession if you couldn't," Goldman gently interposed. "I think we better have him in to save repetitions."

Haas nodded vigorous assent and the retired gambler was summoned, not too enthusiastically, by Cummings, who had first wished to outline his own plan. For a time discussion was given to the basis upon which John Wotkyns was to emerge from his retirement. The tentative proposition made him by Cummings, that he was to have entire management of the island and was to receive a 20 per cent of the net profits, in addition to a salary of ten thousand a year, he indicated would be satisfactory.

"How long a contract do you want?" Haas queried, shrewdly.

Wotkyns regarded him with direct eyes as he replied:

"At least ten years. A thing like this is cumulative. Of course, it will be understood that only a certain amount shall be set aside every year as a sinking fund against the original investment, and that thereabove the profits shall be computed. In other words, I don't want you gentlemen figuring on getting your investment back before we begin counting and splitting profits."

A little surprise greeted the suggestion. It was a point that had not yet been reached in the conferences.

"I presume that will have to be the method," Haas reluctantly conceded. What there was about the entirely mild manner of John Wotkyns which made him give up a point that in most instances would have been one for hot dispute, the banker could not have told. Possibly it was recognition of the innate justice of the man and of the fact that his proposition was, on the last analysis, the only fair one.

"Ain't we getting a little premature with all these details," inquired Goldman, who, if not naturally a pessimist at least had an appreciation of the value of well applied pessimism. "We ain't even got the concession for the island yet."

Wotkyns looked inquiringly at Cummings.

"I understood all that was fixed," he said.

"It was, practically," the author replied uncomfortably. "But old Governor Calles balked, even on the maximum I was authorized to offer, him, twenty-five thousand. But I have a scheme to bring the old bird around."

Cummings stopped a minute, with an air of mystery.

"Old Calles is a susceptible coot," he went on. "And I know a little blonde that will just about wind him around her finger. You can count that concession as the same as granted, gentlemen."

"It has been done!" Goldman's guttural exclamation broke the little silence that followed.

Haas' left eye closed in a slow wink. The face of Herbert Sanford, a man now vividly living the intrigues he had often pictured in wild fancies, broke into smiles. Only John Wotkyns gave no indication of approval.

"You might get Calles that way," he said quietly. "But not if I am to be connected with your enterprise. This is a chance to bring up a point I was about to make a minute ago, gentlemen, and one which must be settled before you let me into your plan any further. If I am to assume this position it is to be the policy of our company that women will be absolutely barred from this gambling island."

Astonishment too deep for words for a moment held the little group. Sanford it was who broke the silence with the exclamation:

"Who ever heard of a fashionable gambling resort without women!"

Again silence followed. Each man seemed to be pondering the revolutionary suggestion.

"It can't be done," Cummings broke out hotly. "Men who go to a place like this to spend their money drinking, betting on races and prize-fights and gambling, want women to help them spend it."

"Did any of you ever have proof of that?" Wotkyns calmly asked.

"Aren't there wild women at every gambling haven you ever heard of?" demanded Haas, sharply. "We would cut a fine caper, trying to run opposition to this border resort and leaving out the wild women."

"I was not referring merely to wild women," Wotkyns said. "I mean any women. All women must be absolutely barred from landing on the island."

"You are crazy, man!" It was Goldman who spoke, but the sentiment appeared the collective one of the gathering.

Only an indifferent shrug of the mighty Wotkyns shoulders responded. Haas, the diplomat, interposed a polite question.

"But why this revolutionary idea, Mr. Wotkyns? You take our breath away. We can't understand it."

"The idea is not revolutionary with me, Mr. Haas," the gambler answered.

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August 13—September 24—Pocahontas (159).

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SOUTH AMERICA.

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July 23—Empire State (105).
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From Seattle.
July 9—Silver State (106).
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From San Francisco.
July 14—Granite State (105).
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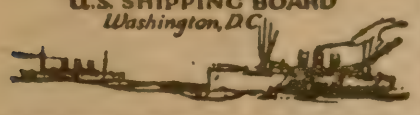

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"Women never have been mingled in my business. This was not from caution, but from conscience, if you will. My code may provoke smiles among the righteous. I do not regard gambling as sinful, so long as it is honestly conducted. Horse-racing and boxing are to me wonderful sports, and to bet on them is but to increase our legitimate enjoyment therein. But women have no place in these things, they are of finer mold and finer purpose—they should be protected not only from us but from themselves."

It was a long speech for John Wotkyns. At its end none of the other four men spoke. They knew not just how to answer this man and his surprising stand. Possibly his firmness in it made them want him all the more for their nefarious scheme. Wotkyns regarded them with the nearest to a pitying expression that his immobile face would show.

"I see you do not comprehend me. Few men do. Very well, gentlemen, before I deliver any ultimatums, as I must, let me appeal to your avariciousness, if I can't reach you on a higher plane. Can you not realize the cold dollars-and-cents value of such a policy as 'Women Barred?'"

Cummings, at first the most violent opponent of this stand of Wotkyns, suddenly jumped to his feet.

"Say, listen! the notion's worth a million dollars in publicity," he almost shouted. "It'll be the very touch we need to start the crowd coming. Ye gods, what stories I can ring in on it."

In the controversy thus set off among the four, Wotkyns took no further part. He listened a few minutes, apparently with little interest, and then excused himself with the remark that he could be found outside if he was wanted again. The phraseology of his speech was significant; it was warning to the gambling syndicate that they need not send for him again unless they were prepared to accept his stand as their policy.

Publicity had been a word which had turned Sanford, like Cummings, from a bitter opponent of the Wotkyns idea to its champion. Much of his success in life, he knew had been built upon clever publicity. To the bankers this elusive thing about the value of which the publisher and the writer argued, was an unknown quantity. Their whole careers, it seemed to them, had been grounded in avoidance of the public eye. But eventually glimmerings of the start which an unusual bizarre twist like this would give to the project penetrated their prejudices. Wotkyns was sent for and told:

"If you can get the concession from Calles without using women we'll be convinced that you can run the island without them and let you have your own way."

"Very well," Wotkyns replied. "I shall expect that incorporated in my articles of agreement. Moreover, we'll call the place 'Eveless Isle.'"

Here is a syndicate of shrewd business men, none of whom is overconscientious in the matter of adding "tainted money" to their already acquired fortunes, all set to embark in a new and hazardous enterprise—one not entirely within the law—with a strictly honest man as its chief dictator—a queer combination, indeed. The story will hold you to its sensational finish.

The Strange Case of Cavendish

(Continued From Page 11)

a little, a very little, of what has occurred since I left New York so hurriedly two months ago. This is the first I knew about it, and the mystery of the whole affair is as puzzling as ever."

Her eyes widened wonderingly.

"You cannot explain? Not even who the dead man was found murdered in your apartments?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Fred has told me all he knows," broke to Westcott, "but it only extends to midnight when he left the city. He was in his apartments less than ten minutes after his valet retired. He supposed he left everything in good order, with a note on the writing-table instructing Valois what to do during his absence, and inclosing a sum of money. Afterward, on the train, he discovered that he had mislaid the key to his safe, but this occasioned no worry, as he had taken with him all the cash it held, and the papers were of slight importance."

"But," she broke in impatiently, "where did he go? How did he escape encountering Beaton and why did he fail to answer your message?"

The eyes of the two men met, and they both smiled.

"The very questions I asked," replied Westcott instantly. "In the instructions left Valois was a check for five thousand dollars made to my order, to be forwarded at once. Fred's destination was Sonora, Mexico, where he had some large copper interests. He intended to look after these and return here to Haskell within a week, or ten days. But the war in Mexico made this impossible—once across the border he couldn't get back. He wrote me, but evidently the letter miscarried."

"And Beaton missed him entirely."

"By pure luck. Fred phoned the New York Central for a lower to Chicago, and they were all gone. Enright must have learned, in some way, of his calling that office, and so informed Beaton, who took that train. Later, from his own rooms, Cavendish secured accommodations on the Pennsylvania."

He paused, endeavoring to see out thru the window, hearing the hoofbeats of an approaching team.

"What's that, Pete?" he asked of Timmons, who was hovering as closely as he dared. "Pretty late, isn't it?"

"Guests, I reckon; the Overland was three hours late; sure, they're stoppin' yere."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MISS DONOVAN DECIDES.

TWO men came in thru the door together, each with a small grip in his hand, which Timmons took from them, and deposited beside the stove. The larger wrote both names in the register, and then straightened up, and surveyed the landlord.

"Any chance to eat?" he asked. "We're both of us about starved."

Timmons scratched his head.

"I reckon there's plenty o' cold provender out thar," he said doubtfully, "an' maybe I could hustle you up some hot coffee, but we don't aim ter do no feedin' at this time o' night. What's the matter with the diner?"

"Hot box, and had to cut her off; be a good fellow, and hustle us up something."

"I'll see what there is," and Timmons started for the kitchen, "but I wouldn't wake Ma Timmons up fer a thousand dollars. She'd never git over it."

The large man, a rather heavy-footed fellow, with scraggly gray mustache, turned to his companion.

"Better luck than I expected, at that, Colgate," he said, restored to good humor. "The old duffer seems to be quite human."

His eyes caught sight of Cavendish, and hardened, the grizzly mustache seeming to stiffen. His mouth was close to the ear of his companion, and he spoke without moving his lips.

"Our bird; stand ready."

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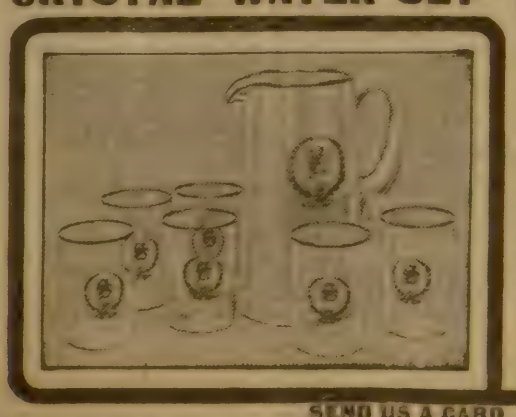

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The three were talking earnestly, and he was standing before them before any of the group marked his approach. His eyes were on Cavendish, who instantly arose to his feet, startled by the man's sudden appearance.

"There is no use making a scene, Burke," the big man said sternly, "for my partner there has you covered."

"My name is not Burke; it is Cavendish."

"So I heard in Denver," dryly. "We hardly expected to find you here, for we were down on another matter. So you are not Gentleman Tom Burke?"

"No."

"I know he is not," interposed Westcott. "I have been acquainted with this man for nearly twenty years; he is a New York capitalist."

"And who the hell are you—a pal?" the fellow sneered. "Now, see here, both of you. I've met plenty of your kind before, and it is my business not to forget a face. This man is under arrest," and he laid a heavy hand on Cavendish's shoulder.

"Under the name of Burke? On what charge?"

"Robbery, at Poughkeepsie, New York; wanted also for burglary and assault in Denver. My name is Roberts," he added, stiffly, "assistant superintendent of the Pinkerton agency; the man with me is an operative from the New York office."

Cavendish glanced past Roberts to Colgate, who stood with one hand thrust in his side pocket.

"You know this man Burke?" he asked.

"I saw him once; that's why I was put on the case. You certainly gave me some hot chase, Tom."

"Some chase? What do you mean?"

"Well, I've been on your trail ever since that Poughkeepsie job—let's see, that was two months ago. You jumped first to New York City, and I didn't really get track of you until the night of April 16. Then a copper in the Pennsylvania depot, to whom I showed your picture, gave me a tip that you'd taken a late train West. After that I trailed you thru Chicago, down into Mexico, and back as far as Denver. It wasn't hard because you always signed the same name."

"Of course; it's my own. You say you had a photograph of me?"

"A police picture; here it is if you want to look at it—taken in Joliet."

Westcott grasped the sheet, and spread it open. It was Cavendish's face clearly enough, even to the closely trimmed beard and the peculiar twinkle in the eyes. Below was printed a brief description, and this also fitted Cavendish almost exactly.

"Well," said Roberts, none too pleasantly, "what have you got to say now?"

"Only this," and the miner squared his shoulders, looking the other straight in the eyes. "This man is not Tom Burke, but I can tell you where Tom Burke is."

"Yes, you can?"

"Yes, I can. I cannot only tell you, but I can prove it," he went on earnestly. "This description says that Burke had a small piece clipped out of one ear, and that he had a gold-crowned tooth in front, rather prominent. This man's ears are unmarked, and his teeth are of the ordinary kind."

The two detectives exchanged glances and Roberts grinned sarcastically.

"You'll have to do better than that," he said gruffly.

"All right. Is there any mention in that description of a peculiar and vivid scar on the chest of this man Burke? It would be spoken about, if he had any, wouldn't it?"

"Sure; they never overlook them things."

"Good; unbutton the front of your shirt, Fred."

THE two stared at the scar thus revealed, still incredulous, yet unable to refute the evidence of its existence. Roberts touched it with his fingers to better assure himself of its reality.

"Darn it all," he confessed. "This beats hell."

"It does," coincided Westcott. "This whole affair has been of that kind. Now I'll tell you where Tom Burke is—he lies buried in the Cavendish family lot in Brooklyn."

He turned to Colgate, who stood with mouth half open.

"You're from New York; ever hear of the Cavendish murder?"

"Only saw a paragraph in the Chicago papers. It wasn't my case, and the only thing that interested me was that the name happened to be the same as assumed by the man I was following—why?"

"Because this gentleman here is Frederick Cavendish, who was reported as killed—struck down in his apartments on the night of April 16. Instead he took the midnight flier West and you followed him. The dead man was Tom Burke; wait a minute and I'll tell you the story—all I know of it, at least."

He told it rapidly, yet omitting no detail of any interest. The two detectives, already half convinced of their mistake, listened fascinated to the strange narrative; it was a tale of crime peculiarly attractive to their minds; they could picture each scene in all its colors of reality. As the speaker ended, Roberts drew in his breath sharply.

"But who slugged Burke?" he asked. "The fellow went in there after swag; but who got him?"

"That is the one question I can't answer," replied Westcott gravely, "and neither can Fred. It doesn't seem to accord with the rest of our theories. Enright told Lacy he didn't know who the dead man was, or who killed him."

Miss Donovan pushed her way in front of Cavendish, and faced the others, her cheeks flushed with excitement, a paper clasped in one hand.

"Perhaps I can help clear that up," she said clearly. "This is the letter found under Miss La Rue's bed. I have read part of it. It was written by Jack Cavendish just as he was taking a boat for South America. It is not a confession," she explained, her eyes searching their faces, "just a frightened boy's letter. I wouldn't understand it at all if I didn't know so much about the case. What it seems to make clear is this: The La Rue girl and Patrick Enright schemed to get possession of the Cavendish property thru her marriage to John; this part of the program worked out fairly well, but John could not get hold of enough money to satisfy them.

"Enright and the girl decided to put Frederick out of the way, but lacked the nerve to commit murder—at least in New York. Their scheme seems to have been to inveigle their victim away from the city, and then help him to get killed thru an accident. In that case the law would award the entire estate to John. They never told John this plan, but their constant demands for money fairly drove the young man to desperation.

"The making of the will, and the sudden proposed departure of Frederick for the West, compelled immediate action, yet even then John was kept largely in the dark as to what they proposed doing. All he knew was that Frederick had made a will disinheriting him; that he left the College Club with this document in his pocket, and intended later to take a night train."

She paused, turning the letter over in her hands, and the men seemed to draw closer in the intensity of their interest.

"Some of what I say I learned from this letter," she went on quietly, "and some I merely deduce from the circumstances. I believe the boy went home half mad, his only thought being to destroy that will. In this state of mind, and fortified by drink, he stole later into Frederick's apartments. I don't believe the boy actually intended to murder his cousin, but he did intend to stun him with a blow from behind, seize the paper, and escape unseen. It was a wild, harebrained project, but he was only a boy, half drunk, worked into a frenzy by Celeste La Rue. He got into the room—probably thru the bathroom window—unobserved, but after Frederick had departed. This other man—Burke—was then at the table, running thru the papers he had taken from the safe, to see if any were of value. John, convinced the man was his cousin, stole up behind him and struck him down. He had no idea of the force of the blow delivered, and may even have left the apartment without realizing that the blow had been a fatal one. Afterward there was nothing to do but keep still, and let matters take their own course."

"And what happened then?"

"Naturally this: The La Rue woman wormed the truth out of him, and told Enright. From that moment the boy was entirely in their hands. While they remained in New York they helped him keep his nerve, but as soon as he was left alone, he went entirely to pieces. He was no criminal, merely a victim of circumstances. At last something happened to frighten him into flight."

THE four men straightened up as her voice ceased speaking. Then Roberts laughed, as tho ashamed of the breathless interest he had exhibited.

"I guess she's got that doped out about right, Colgate," he said almost regretfully. "And it's clear enough that we are on the wrong trail. Anyhow, this man here isn't Tom Burke, altho he would deceive the very devil. What is it, landlord? Am I ready to eat? Just lead the way, and I'll show you." He glanced about at the others. "Any of you missed your supper? If so, we'd be glad to have your company."

"I'll accept the invitation," returned Cavendish. "I was asleep upstairs and failed to hear the bell. Perhaps you gentlemen can tell me what steps I'd better take in a case like mine."

The three passed out together, following the guidance of Timmons, and as the sound of their voices subsided into a confused murmur, Westcott glanced into the face beside him.

"You must be very tired, dear."

"I am tired, Jim," she said, "but I mustn't allow it. I have a big job on hand. Farriss will want three thousand words of this and he'll want it tonight so that he can scoop the town."

"Scoop the town?" Westcott repeated.

"Yes, that means my paper gets a story that no other paper gets. And this Cavendish case is going to be my scoop. Will you walk with me down to the station?"

Big Jim Westcott nodded silently and took her arm in his and together they went out into the night.

Each stone, shrub, each dark frowning cliff reminded them of their meeting, and silently, with their hearts full, they walked along until a dilapidated box car hove into view, with one oil-lamp still burning, twinkling evidence that Carson had not retired for the night; and as they came abreast the door they found him dozing.

"Wake up, Carson," cried Jim, tapping him on the shoulder, "wake up and get ready to do a big job on the keys. And keep your ears open, too, old-timer, for it's interesting, every word of it—Miss Donovan is going to tell a story."

Carson rubbed his eyes, sat up, gave ample greeting, got up, lit another lamp, and tested his wire.

"East wire free as air, Jim," he said. "You can begin that there story whenever you want."

And so, weary as she was, and with nerves still high-pitched, Stella Donovan began, slowly at first, until she got the swing of her "lead," and then more rapidly; one after another the yellow sheets on which she wrote were fed past Westcott's critical eyes and into the hands of Carson, who operated his "bug" like a madman.

An hour went past, an hour and a quarter—Stella Donovan still writing. An hour and a half. Westcott saw her face tensing under the strain, saw it grow wan and white, and, reaching down he gripped the fingers that clinched the pencil.

"No more Stella," he said firmly, "you've sent four thousand!"

She looked at him tenderly. "Please, Jim," she begged, "just let me add one more paragraph. It's the most important of all."

The miner released her hand and the girl wrote hurriedly, this time passing the sheets direct to Carson. Heroically the station agent stuck to his task, and as he tossed the first of the sheets aside, an eddying wisp of wind caught it, danced it a moment on the table-top, then slid it over under the very palm of big Jim Westcott's right hand. Slowlyy he picked it up and read it.

"So!" he said, with something strangely like a cry in his deep voice, "so you've

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EUGENE C. HOWE, Trustee.—Adv.

resigned from the Star, and you're going to stay in Haskell?"

The girl looked at him, her lips trembling.

"I never want to be a lady reporter again," she whispered. "Never!"

They were in the open doorway now, and tho thru the lush, warm gloom a belated light twinkled down in Haskell, slumbering like a bad child in the gulch below. And as they stood there watching a fair young moon making its first bow in a purple sky, their lips met in a long, tender kiss; when they lifted their eyes again it was to let them range over the eternal misty hills with their hearts of gold in which lay the future—their future.

The End.

Tied With Green String

(Continued From Page 5)

Company—my 25 per cent which, when he was alive and in control, wasn't worth a tinker's dam. I indorsed the stock in blank and turned it over to Michaelovitch pinned to the note. The poor fool thought it was security. It was nothing but sixty days leeway for yours truly and a shrewd way out of a tight fit."

"But wasn't that giving him a line on the fact that Eaves was your father and perhaps giving him a further leverage on blackmailing you?"

Lionel shook his head sagaciously. "Not on your life. So far as he knew then I had no relatives alive, now that mother is dead. The check on the Shanks Dictatograph Company I merely told him was some commissions I had earned. It didn't bear the old man's name, you see. The stock I told him I had inherited from my mother, and I guffed him into thinking it was gilt edge. When he accepted it, he didn't dream that J. Hamilton Eaves, the president of the National Industrial Securities Company, and Lionel Pettibone, who owned one-fourth of the stock, were father and stepson. If he had, he might have suspected at that time that some sort of a stunt would have been pulled off to make the stock worthless."

FOLWELL desisted on any more questioning along this line. There was still much about the case that was puzzling, but it was doubtful, now that Lionel's relationship to things had been uncovered, whether the latter could clear up certain factors. Folwell thought for a moment. "What sort of a man is Michaelovitch?" he asked curiously.

"He is a silent, brooding type of individual, bitter and disgruntled," said Lionel freely. "He has had some great blow in his life, but I do not know what. He is exactly the type of man who would like to see wealth and private property wiped out of existence. His English bears an accent, but it is precise; it shows that he is a well-educated man on things Russian. But he has sunk to being a mere carriage washer and mechanic. The reason? Booze, beyond doubt. He drinks freely—makes the stuff himself. In fact, Folwell, it's from him that I've gotten a pint now and then when my nervous system was run down and needed a tonic. How he found out about my marriage to Olga Bresloff, I have no way of knowing. And perhaps I never will know." He paused. "Now, Folwell, you have the whole story. You promised to be a good fellow. I'm going to hold you to that promise. I have a right to marry Roslyn, if this insane wife of mine refuses to die. But if this man is to be arrested and made a figure in the newspapers for a few days, why need my relationship with him be brought into the thing? I told him on the telephone yesterday that I would be prepared to finish all negotiations with him in a few days. Now if he's arrested, he will need that five thousand bucks worse than he ever needed it in his life—for lawyers for his defense. It may even be that after he's locked up at detective headquarters I can succeed in gyping him with a check into turning over to me the present location of that marriage certificate. Then I can stop payment on the check and let him go hang. Any verbal statement of his is worth nothing."

Folwell smiled. "It may be that he's too foxy for anything like that," he declared, marveling at Lionel's continual preparations to "gyp" somebody. "And it may well be that before you're done, you'll be contributing five thousand dollars to the legal defense of the man who killed your stepfather."

Lionel shook his head. "He may be tried, convicted and hanged on any of the first three murders, if the police complete a case against him." He paused. "However, I've myself to look out for. And you've yourself, Folwell." He gazed at the other. "Now you're going to be a good fellow, I take it. What are you going to hold me up for?"

Folwell drew a long breath. He had not forgotten how Lionel had brutally tricked him some time earlier that day, but he had no intentions of doing likewise. So he carefully refrained from making any promises or uttering any phrases thru which Lionel could later claim that a direct lie had crossed his lips. He spoke:

"Of course, you are going to turn back that confession to me, are you not?"

"Yes, yes, yes," breathed the younger man.

"And you are going to clear me in the eyes of the public and the press and the police on the theft of those bonds? Mind you—I don't ask you to incriminate yourself—but you will have to clear me. Can you do it?"

Lionel thought hard. His face suddenly brightened up. "Jimmie Pennley!" he ejaculated. He thought a moment. He nodded energetically. "Folwell, I'll fix that whole thing so you're absolutely cleared—and cleared in the public press. I promise you that. Will you be satisfied?"

"For the present," Ireplied Folwel grimly. He resumed speaking. "Now, there is still a third thing. If you see my proposition then, I stand willing to go to the police, to give them my facts in such a way that this man will be arrested for murder, but that the steps leading up to it—the steps involving Lionel Pettibone—will become the property of nobody, not even them. And likewise, as I said before, I am not going to go either to Roslyn Van Etten nor to Jacob Van Etten."

"Yes, yes," said the younger man hurriedly. "What—what is that third thing, Folwell?"

"It is this," answered Folwell quietly. "Lionel," your stepfather swindled the mother of Avery Reardon——"

"Avery Reardon! The girl who was drowned?" interrupted Lionel.

Folwell ignored the interruption. "——swindled the mother of Avery Reardon out of $19,500 in American Airplane Stabilizer Company stock. The second you have returned that confession to me, cleared me publicly on the theft of those bonds, and given me a due judgment note for $19,500 for 195 shares of American Stabilizer stock, made out in favor of Sarah N. Hepburn, I leave here, and I have forgotten that there is a Lionel Pettibone on earth."

"You—you want that I should buy back that stock?" said Lionel in a low voice. He looked curiously at Folwell. "And how much for yourself, Folwell?"

"Nothing. I have named my terms."

A long silence, punctuated only by the ticking of the clock, filled the room. Folwell, in his chair, finally began to stir restlessly. At length he pulled out his watch and stared pointedly at its face.

Lionel spoke. "I will fulfill the terms," he said. He passed over to the desk, and opening a little steel drawer withdrew from it a paper which he tossed across the intervening space to Folwell. Then he fumbled in another drawer, producing a pad of printed forms. He wrote rapidly, only the scratching of his pen being audible. The paper Folwell examined carefully. It was his confession, bearing his signature. He touched a match to it and tossed it in the grate, where he watched it burn brightly and then crumble into ashes. At this juncture, Lionel stopped writing, put away his pen, and drew over the telephone to him. Thumbing over the leaves of the orange-colored telephone book, he drew the transmitter closer to his lips.

"Franklin 4300," he requested. Folwell listened curiously. A pause. Then a clicking. "Franklin 4300? Chicago Evening Journal? Give me Mr. James Pennley, city editor's room." Another pause. "Pennley? Jimmie Pennley? This is Lionel Pettibone talking. Yes, Jimmie, I've got a story for you—an exclusive. It's about that confession business that was in the papers, and this man Folwell that worked for my stepfather, Eaves. Yes. Get it down, Jimmie. Those bonds weren't stolen at all; the old man must have had delirium tremens or something. They've been in a pigeonhole of his desk in his room all the time. Yes. Yes. Certainly. No, he never put 'em in the vault at all, I guess. Old age? Sure—or paresis, maybe. Who knows? About Folwell? Yes. The police bullyragged him and he got stubborn and refused to talk. Folwell was supposed to sign a promissory note—the old man was going to loan him $100 for thirty days—and he simply signed the wrong paper, that's all. I've got the paper here he should have signed, and I've given him back the one he signed by mistake in a hurry. Yes—the one the old man drew up thinking he could grill one of his employes into confessing. Yes—mistake all around.

"What? The old man's letter to this man, John J. Jeng of New York? Well, Jimmie, if you knew the old man and the inside of his business as I do, you wouldn't be puzzled there. However, here's the dope as to that. You see he'd been pestered to death by people to whom he had sold stock in various promotions trying to borrow money on it. He was in the business of selling stock, Jimmie; not loaning on it. You get me? But he couldn't refuse loans out and out, for this would cast discredit on his own rosy statements as to the value of his promotions. It's plain as day to me, because I happen to know him.

"After he discovered that paper, signed by mistake of course, Jeng's brother, friend, lawyer, or somebody who knew Jeng, dropped into the office to discuss the matter of a loan Jeng was evidently going to make this Nathan Shanks on his stock in the Shanks Dictatograph. This caller must have been a bit nosey, and must have asked the old man point blank why he didn't loan Shanks the money himself if the stock was so good. The old man up and flashed the confession paper as an alibi. The stock was good, he probably assured Jeng's friend, but he himself couldn't personally loan on it. Why? Because he'd just been robbed of fifty-one hundred dollars. Get it, Jimmie? Foxy, eh? Oh, that's all right. He was only a relative by marriage, remember that. Pan him in the paper if you want to.

"And, say, listen:

"Now in writing the letter to Jeng Monday night while he was alone, he knew the fellow who had come in on the New Yorker's behalf to investigate, would also write a letter to Jeng mentioning the actual seeing of the confession. So he casually mentioned its existence in his own letter, knowing that the report of

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the talk would back him up. It was taking an advantage of Folwell, of course. Yes. Certainly.

"Now in writing this up, Jimmie, hammer the old man if you will but don't throw too much doubt on his stockselling propositions. All I want is for Folwell to get the clear deal that's coming to him. Story's yours entirely. Yes. Yes. Any time, Jimmie. Ring me here. Of course it's good for a front page. I'll say it's a human interest story." He hung up and looked at Folwell.

"There, Folwell, I've given you a clean slate on the public press. And I've had to lie like a trooper to do it." He picked up the paper he had written, which had lain drying in front of him, and brought it over to Folwell, thrusting it down in his hands. Folwell spoke as he examined it.

"Well, take care of your reporter yourself now," he directed. "As long as you've cooked up this explanation, I'll leave you to finish it. Don't send him around to me. I shan't grant any interviews, or prolong the lie." He scrutinized the paper. It was a promissory judgment note for nineteen thousand five hundred dollars payable in three days, and dated exactly three days before. It was made out to Sarah N. Hepburn and signed by Lionel Pettibone. The amount filled in was nineteen thousand five hundred dollars. It bore the words, "value received in one hundred and ninety-five shares American Aeroplane Stabilizer Company stock." Whereupon Folwell folded it up and placed it in his vest-pocket, knowing full well that that beautiful brownstone house and lot, if not the assets of the company to which Lionel was now sole proprietor, would cover the amount of that promissory note and many more as well. He rose.

"And now," he said, "for the detective bureau, to help bring about the capture of Michaelovitch, the most insolent, dangerous and scientific murderer running the streets of Chicago at this moment. After he is landed, perhaps we'll all learn how he manages to make way with men who are warned of their death, and to kill others who have taken every precaution that he shall not even know where they are hiding!" He thrust his hat on his head. "I'm off."

CHAPTER XVI.

ALL QUIET ON HICKORY AVENUE.

AS FOLWELL left the brownstone house and stepped briskly along under the arclights of Clarkson Court, he had an impulse to turn back and tell Lionel that his romance with his "million dollar girl" was over; but he decided to let that young gentleman learn the news when it should be officially released. For the present, he must get to the police and get there quick with the surprising information which he had traced up step by step.

It was a few minutes after 7:30 when he reached the central detective bureau, and the only person to be found in McIlroy's office was a broadshouldered night substitute. He pondered a moment as to whether to consult this man, and then asking the other for the number of McIlroy's home phone, went to a booth in the outer corridor and called the detective bureau head at his home on Dakin street.

McIlroy's peculiar burred voice was soon audible over the wire.

"Inspector McIlroy," Folwell began, "this is Jason Folwell. I called up to say several things. One, according to a statement which Lionel Pettibone has given out to the papers, is that he has all the bonds alleged to be stolen from Eaves. I will let you ask him any further questions, however. The other——"

"Well, what of it?" interrupted the Scotchman gruffly. "Why are you bothering me at my home? Tomorrow's time enough, isn't it?"

"And the second," went on Folwell, undaunted by the other's brusqueness, "is that I have absolute evidence that not only indicates that Eaves, Paddon, Rothblume and Lee were murdered, instead of being possible victims of accident and sickness, but points out the murderer himself."

"The devil you say! What is your evidence?"

"If you care to come down here to detective headquarters where I'm phoning from," said Folwell hurriedly, "I'll give you all the facts. If not, I'll be glad to come to your home. I'm thinking tho, that action is imperative. Which will it be?"

There was a long pause, as tho the man on the other end of the wire were thinking seriously about the advisability of leaving a comfortable home, wife and kiddies on which might prove to be a wild-goose errand. Suddenly he answered:

"I'll take a taxi and come down at once, Folwell. When you hang up, tell Crane, the night man in my office, to call up Kelsey, and to hold any of the other men that are still around the office. If you have anything worth listening to, you'll have some listeners. Wait for me at the office, please." And he hung up.

Folwell went back to the office, where he transmitted McIlroy's message to the latter's night substitute. He sat on a hard chair and waited while the other rang up Kelsey, and lumbered into the next room, speaking to several assiduous plainclothes men who sat studying typewritten reports under the hanging electric bulbs over their desks. It was twenty minutes before McIlroy appeared, and hardly had he entered the room than Kelsey appeared in the doorway thru which his superior had just passed. McIlroy nodded to his substitute, and to his righthand man whom he had just summoned.

"We'll go in the inside room there," he said, inclining his head in that direction. "Crane, who's down tonight?"

"Tom Flannery, Sheffiy, Lyons and Delamater, chief," announced the man Crane. "Flannery and Sheffiy are working on the Hempsted case. Lyons and Delamater on the First National case."

"Send 'em in." He made his way to the inner room. "Come in her, Folwell." To Kelsey: "You, too, Camera-Eye."

Folwell followed him and dropped into a chair, waiting while the police official rolled up the cover of his desk, hung up his hat, and fumbled in his pockets for a cigar. And before McIlroy had finished with these three preliminaries, the door opened again and four broad-shouldered, strong-jawed men of the genus "city detective" came stamping awkwardly in.

"Sit down, all of you," ordered McIlroy. They tumbled into chairs, crossing their legs. "This is Folwell, of the Eaves case. He's just phoned me that he's got evidence showing the man that pulled the Eaves murder and three before it. I've appointed you all a jury to pass on what he has to give us." He gazed at Folwell curiously. "And so the missing bonds turned up, my lad, eh?"

Folwell was careful in his reply. "Mr. Pettibone so claims. He has explained the matter to the press. He has also returned that paper I told you all along should never have been signed. I'll refer you to him for further particulars, however."

"All right," commented McIlroy abstractedly. "But it's the Eaves case we're on now, after all. Let's hear what you think you have on the thing."

"I have been working on this case," Folwell began, just a trifle ill at ease as he became the cynosure of six pairs of cold, shrewd eyes, "ever since early afternoon today when a visit to the body of the Van Etten girl with the written permission of Mr. Lyons over there, sent me over to Johnstone Lee's place. I confess that the staring eyes of that dead girl somehow seemed to link her in my mind with the Paddon link of the Paddon-Rothblume-Lee-Eaves chain. So I went to the nearest link of that chain, to horn in, as you may call it. There I procured this label. It's the one which was on the box of playing cards sent to Lee."

Amid a stony silence he took from his pocket the label and laid it down, rubber-stamped letters upward, on McIlroy's desk.

"If you will inspect that label closely, you will note that the 'Es' are produced from 'Fs' by the addition of a stroke made by hand in red ink." He paused while McIlroy leaned over it, nodding slowly. A few seconds later it was being passed from hand to hand.

"Now," Folwell went on, his eyes resting absently on the label as the third man of the "jury" scrutinized it, "I am not going to give certain steps that involve certain people in this thing, for the simple reason that I have given my word not to. And neither can you force me to do it. All this office requires is the final results, which I have traced down step by step. Here they are, in a nutshell: Andrev Michaelovitch, of 1124 Hickory avenue, a dirty little street out in Goose Island, has in his possession a certain amount of rare chemical paraphernalia. Also he has printed a message in rubber type similar to this label in a certain commercial transaction. This alone might prove him to be our man in the Eaves case, if nothing else—the identity of the type used in each instance—but if you will investigate as I did, you will find that Paddon, Rothblume, Lee and Eaves all owned cars; that they kept them in Johnston's garage, on Monroe street not far from La Salle; and finally, that Michaelovitch is a mechanic, handyman and car washer in that same garage." Folwell paused. "That's all, gentlemen."

EACH of the detectives looked significantly at one another. It was plain that Folwell had sprung a piece of information upon "headquarters" that pointed indisputably to the fact that the case was at an end.

McIlroy was the first to speak. "If what you say is true," he began, "then Michaelovitch is our man, all right. Now don't be afraid to answer one or two questions, Folwell. If a man doesn't want to give the steps or names by which he locates some information, we never force him to around here. You claim, do you, that each of these brokers owned a car and kept it in this garage?"

Folwell nodded. "Yes, there's no need whatever of your even checking up on that part. Maybe an investigation will reveal why this car feature—this Greatest Common Divisor, Inspector McIlroy—failed to come out in the case in the testimony of Rothblume's and Lee's relatives on the matter of their possible movements the night of their deaths. There must be a reason, but that's up to your office. As for the facts I mentioned, I spent twenty minutes today in a hot telephone booth on Goose Island talking to people who knew Paddon, Rothblume and Lee, and I established the one fact that links up with the one I got on Hickory avenue. Get Michaelovitch—and you'll have your man so far as a child can see."

There was silence. McIlroy again broke it. He looked at his watch.

"Kelsey, phone across the street to the precinct station and get the wagon ready Ask Lieutenant Haines for eight uniformed men. We won't waste time talking here. The first thing to do is to bring in Michaelovitch. You, Flannery, you Lyons, you Sheffiy, put away your cases for the time, and get ready. You, Delamater, tell Crane to call young Parkley down to headquarters in case this bird decides to talk when we bring him in. Then get out at once in a taxi, and while the pinch is going on, get everything you can at Paddon's former address, the two Rothblume women, and Lee's sister that will show us why these facts haven't come out so far. You, Kelsey, get about you with getting that wagon. The rest of you, see that your guns are working."

Kelsey clambered to his feet and left the room. It was plain that McIlroy brooked no delay when he issued orders.

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of your time each day. I have helped give thousands of weak, run-down nervous folks, increased strength and endurance, in two weeks' time, in many instances.

I am not a doctor but PHYSICIANS HAVE OFTEN ADVISED PEOPLE TO TRY ME. Former UNITED STATES SENATORS, United States Army Generals, Judges of U. S. Courts and many well known people have availed themselves of my help.

STRONG MEN ATHLETES, BRAIN WORKERS—they know what I can do when they want the "stay there" strength and endurance that wins.

WOMEN WHO ARE WEAK, nervous and irritable as a result of overwork, worry or household drudgery have often obtained most surprising relief from me.

When, as a result of iron starvation, you get up feeling tired in the morning; when you can no longer do your day's work without being all fagged out at night; when your digestion all goes wrong, or you have pains across the back and your face looks pale and drawn, do not wait until you go all to pieces and collapse in a state of nervous prostration or until in your weakened condition you contract some serious disease, but try me. I only take one minute of your time each day. I am NUXATED IRON—organic iron. I am like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. I help make strong, forceful, red blooded men and beautiful, healthy, rosy-cheeked women. Without iron like me, your blood becomes pale, thin and watery and loses its power to change food into living tissue, therefore nothing you eat does you the proper amount of good—you do not get the full strength out of it.

To prove to yourself what I can do get your doctor to take a specimen of your blood and make a "blood count" of your red blood corpuscles, then try me for one month and have a new "blood count" made and see how your red blood corpuscles have increased and how much stronger and better you feel; how the color has come back to your face and how much stronger and more steady your nerves now are. I will not injure your teeth nor disturb your stomach. You need not lose a cent on me. If I do not give you satisfactory results my manufacturers will refund your money. Get only me. Beware of imitators. I come in tablets only, never in liquid form—Look for the letters N. I. on every tablet—and the word "Nuxated" on every package. Sold at all druggists.

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Delamater scurried back into the general record room. There was a general inspection of revolvers and cylinders. It was plain that the canny old Scotchman took no chances in arresting any man for murder, whether he be a rich clubman or an erratic foreigner living in such a poor section of the city as Goose Island. Folwell asked but one question.

"So long as I've given you the information on all this, Inspector McIlroy, am I allowed to sit in on this party?"

"Providing," McIlroy replied with a grim laugh, "that if you get a bullet in your windpipe, your relatives don't blame us."

"I'll chance that," said Folwell. He rose. Amidst the bustle of preparation he made his way out into the outer hall. In the telephone booth he rang a number. A girl's fresh young voice answered the phone. "Avery," he said hurriedly, "this is Jason. I'm glad you're spending tonight back at home on Wisconsin street, or I wouldn't have known how to get in touch with you otherwise. Now listen carefully. Much has come up that concerns you and me in the Eaves case. In fact it concerns our happiness—and you can guess what I mean by that. I am just going out on some business which is mixed up with the Eaves affair. I am phoning from detective headquarters here on La Salle street, where you visited this morning. I have a paper here that I want to put into your hands. Better wait up tonight and look for me at your home, where I can tell you the rest of it. How about it?"

"I'll gladly wait for you, Jason," came the girl's answer. "What time shall I expect you?"

"Well—honey—I can't say for a certainty. All I can say is—just wait till I come. Remember—I have good news—the best in the world. It's now 8:15. Say 9:15 or 9:30. How will that do?"

And hearing her acquiescence and her puzzled good-by, he hung up with a tender smile hovering over his face. Then he made his way without delay back into the office of McIlroy. Just as he stepped into the room a peculiar buzzer on the wall gave forth a raucous rattle. With a nod to the three men assembled there, McIlroy spoke four pregnant words.

"Wagon's ready, boys. Come."

Folwell filed out with the others, down the well-worn corridor of the detective bureau, down the short flight of steps to the sidewalk and out to the curb, where a blue patrol automobile, from the police station across the street, stood waiting with gleaming headlights in the shadow of the old-fashioned building. Inside, as he climbed in after McIlroy, and ahead of Lyons, Flannery and Sheffley, was the stocky, bullet-headed Kelsey, with eight stalwart blue-clad policemen, nobody doing very much talking.

Once inside, and the rear door clanged to, McIlroy spoke to the assemblage.

"Now, you boys in uniform from across the street, listen well. We're going out to Goose Island to get a man by the name of Michaelovitch, who appears to be the one that's pulled off some wholesale killings here in Chicago. He's a foreigner—and he may be a dangerous customer. The number of his shack, according to present information, is 1124 Hickory avenue. We may get our man without a struggle. On the other hand, we may have to do some shooting. Each of you have your gun ready. I'll detail four of you uniformed men and two plainclothes men to guard the back of the house; the rest of you will remain across the street in front. I'll make the arrest myself." He thrust his face toward that of the driver, an old white-haired veteran of the service, who peered inside at the colloquy taking place in the cab of the vehicle. "Pat, the raid is at 1124 Hickory avenue, over the river on Goose Island. Better run the machine—say—a block and a half away—then draw up and douse the headlights."

"I know the place well," said the old man at the steering wheel. "'Tis manny a pinch I've made on Goose Island, Inspector, before iver ye war in the chair over here. 'Twas back in the '80s whin the Irish licked hell outa the furriners on the flats." And with a lurch and a defiant toot of the horn the machine was off and into the brightly lighted streets.

It bowled smoothly along on rubber tires, slowing down a trifle to cross the Clark street bridge, the dark and almost indistinguishable river below carrying wavering splotches of red and green from the lanterns on the ships moored to the docks beneath, and thence over on Dearborn street, dotted with dingy poolrooms and slatternly-looking rooming-houses, and past the great gray county jail that reared its head into the skies. Nothing much was said. Folwell kept his own counsel. A few jaws here and there worked assiduously on cuds of tobacco. A lone cigar glowed over in the corner occupied by Kelsey, and two younger members in the blue cloth were talking baseball in low tones.

CLEAR to Chicago avenue the car went, and then west on this wide thorofare thru Little Italy with its shouting myriads of poorly clad, dirty-faced children and waddling bambinoes, and again out of Little Italy and up the viaduct to the crossing at Halsted street and the Northwestern Railroad. Now the driver proceeded more slowly, and soon the car was rolling over the self-same bridge across which Folwell had walked earlier that day, from which, however, it ran clear to Division street, coming out on Goose Island by a quite different route than Folwell had traversed. And at last it stopped as suddenly as it had started up, just fifteen minutes before.

"I think, Inspector," said the old driver looking in, "that we've gone's far as you'd want. We're at Hickory avenue an' Division street. Next road up is Bliss. Then Haines, Number 1124 'd be between Bliss and Haines somewhere. Shall I hold the car right here?"

"Yes," said McIlroy, opening the rear door as he spoke. "Draw her up to the opposite curb, Pat, and let her stand." And he waited down on the ground while the whole medley of blue-clad figures and plainclothes men filed out.

"Now," he ordered, pointing around with his finger, "you, Number 312, you Number 919, you 442 and you 661 take up your positions to the back of the house. You, Lyons and Flannery, are in charge at the back. Here's Hickory avenue and there's Bliss street, such as it is, yonder. Find the alley to the back of that row o' shacks, and look thru the passageways between houses. I'll have Kelsey here light a cigar across the street in front to show you when you're in the back of 1124." He turned to the others. "You, Number 84, you 662, you 1129 and you 978, scatter around along the front. Keep out of sight, and remember you're under orders from Kelsey and Sheffly here. You, Folwell, watch yourself. I'll not be responsible for you. Keep close to Kelsey. Now get—all of you. Scatter a bit as you go. As soon as I think you're well in position I'll make the arrest myself. Be sure you're ready to close in if there's trouble." He paused. "Now be off." He turned to a few ragged children that had come up. "You kids get along home now. Run along."

The children turned reluctantly away from the enticing conversations amidst the uniformed men. Folwell followed Kelsey and Sheffly and the four blue-coats whom McIlroy had assigned to the front of the house. The other group had already started off along the mud-baked road that called itself an avenue. His heart was beating a bit fast, and he wondered whether the Russian would be taken easily, a man who scrupled not to kill freely and quickly. He kept to Kelsey's heels, and, when close to the house, nudged the other on the arm. "It's the gray house with the rickety steps leading upstairs. The one with the upper windows lighted and the shades drawn down."

For over a minute he and the man whom McIlroy called Camera-Eye had been quite alone, the others, seemingly used to raids of all kinds, having disappeared in the open, deserted streets of Goose Island and thru the gaps between box cars drawn up on the broad flats. Kelsey with a look at his companion and a quick glance around the spot where they stood, motioned to Folwell to take up a position back of the great overturned garbage wagon which lay almost across the way from number 1124. As Folwell obeyed the silent order, Kelsey proceeded to light a cigar, and holding the match long to the tip of it walked back and forth along a distance of perhaps twenty feet. An answering light suddenly breaking out in a gangway at the side of the rickety gray house now showed that the men in the rear had caught their location by Kelsey's position. A shockheaded man carrying a tin pail stumbled down the steps of the adjoining house, quite oblivious to the fact that anything was about to take place, and casually made his way down the street toward the saloons that clustered around Division street. The strains of a distant accordion wafted over the flats of Goose Island, and then died away. A silence—a great overpowering, pregnant silence—filled the air.

Police raids, such as the one just described, are of frequent occurrence in Chicago. The number of men engaged in this one and Inspector McIlroy's many precautions against loss of life or failure, may seem quite unnecessary to Ledger readers who have never lived in a city of millions, but the murderous bandit or crook of today shoots to kill, seemingly caring little for his own fate in the battle. Will the Russian prove an exception to the rule? Next week's continuation of the story may tell.

* * *

Old Recollections.

HE WAS a pretty old man and walked with a cane. He came along the street to where a man stood under an awning and said to him:

"Well, well, I am glad to see this place again! Thirty-two years ago I stood on this very spot. Yes, sir, it was thirty-two years ago today!"

"You must have a pretty good memory," said the other man.

"Yes, sir, I have. I distinctly recollect a man who passed along. He was a coal dealer, and I ordered a ton of coal of him. Yes, sir, yes, sir, thirty-two years ago I ordered a ton of coal, right on this spot."

"Thirty-two years ago," mused the other. "Thirty-two years ago you ordered a ton of coal. Let me ask you, please, if you ever paid for that coal? Has the debt been running thirty-two years? Your recollection is good, sir, and I will take your word for it."

The old man looked at him very sternly for a long minute and then said: "Sir, I haven't come back to this spot after thirty-two years to be insulted! You are no gentleman, sir! Thirty-two years from now I will come back here and say that you are no gentleman—I will pass on, sir, I will pass on."

* * *

A Dangerous Subject.

PROPRIETOR of Clothing Store—Why did that customer leave so suddenly without buying? What did you say to him?

Clerk—Why, we were looking over some suits and I merely asked him if he ever wore stripes.

Proprietor—It's a wonder he didn't kill you. That man has just completed a ten-year sentence.

* * *

Mean Editor.

EDITOR—Does your poetry pay?

Poet—Well, I manage to keep the wolf from the door.

Editor—Ah, yes! I suppose you read it to him.

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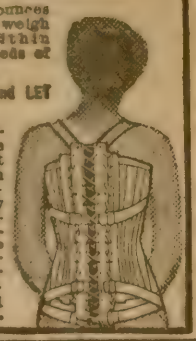

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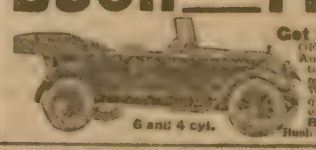

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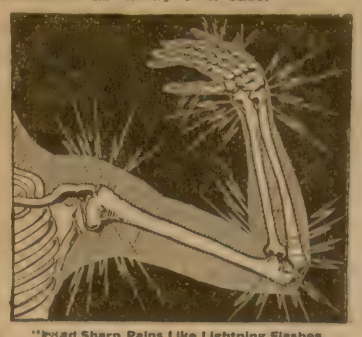

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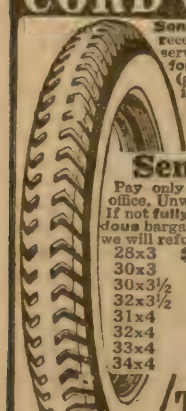

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In the Den of the Jackals

(Continued From Page 7)

his companion withdrew, and wondered if he had not overshot the mark in guessing and giving the passwords too soon. So prowlers and prowled upon parted for the night. As they did so the big clock in the barroom struck 3 and Stewart knew that he had only a little while longer to watch. Then would come day; but what might not another day bring forth?

CHAPTER V.

THE ARSENAL AND THE RENDEZVOUS.

OLD FINLEY was taciturn enough during breakfast next morning, but when Stewart ordered his horse saddled and paid his score, he told him that Murrell had left word for him to meet him at Callaway's old cotton gin sixteen miles west on the main road. As Stewart rode under the dark, cool trees that dewy September morning, he considered all the possible things he might do. He might ride back to the Hemmenway plantation, denounce Allison as John Murrell, and perhaps get an interview with sweet Elizabeth. Still he had absolutely no proof against Murrell to support his allegation, and it was doubtful if the Hemmenways would be willing to receive him at all. Moreover he felt morally certain that if he should deviate from the road leading west to the old cotton gin he would be followed and perhaps shot. Twice as he rode along that morning he was almost sure that there were horsemen lurking behind him and keeping him in view.

So he rode straight on, and at 8 o'clock at a turn of the road came upon John Murrell sitting on his beautiful roan hunter.

"Good morning, Stewart," he called. "Have a good night's rest?"

"Only middling," answered Stewart. "A couple of scoundrels got to sneaking about my room and woke me up. They said they were followers of yours and wanted me to get up at 3 o'clock in the morning and chat with them. You ought to teach your henchmen better manners."

"What did you tell them?" asked Murrell, chuckling.

"I told them to chase themselves."

"Stewart, you're a trump. That was Tom Wrenn and Joe Copeland. Wrenn said he'd bet you were afraid of every one of us and offered to prove it. So you talked up to him, eh? Well, I'm glad you did. Wrenn's a good man and brave as a lion, but he's too all-fired ambitious. He wants the place I'm going to give you—first lieutenant."

"I told him last night I was your first lieutenant," said Stewart.

"Ha, ha," laughed Murrell. "So you told him that, eh? Well, he'll be sore sure enough when he learns that it's a fact.

"And now," continued Allison—or Murrell—pulling his mount to a walk. "I am going to give you some of the secret work of our order." He thereupon explained the two passwords and just how they should be given. Stewart learned, to his dismay, that he had guessed them exactly the night before. He started once to tell the chief clansman the circumstances of how he had learned them, but reflected that it might be a very dangerous thing to do, as Murrell seemed to think they were very hard to catch on, and might at once suspect him of being a spy. But if he should first learn from Copeland or Wrenn that he had had previous knowledge of them, then he would certainly shoot him for a spy.

While Stewart was revolving in his mind what to do, Murrell announced to him that they were then on their way to the annual rendezvous of the clan on an island in the Mississippi. Not less than six hundred members of the clan were to meet there, Murrell said. Stewart would be given an opportunity to circulate among these choice spirits and learn of their leader's greatness. Stewart had thought of a number of excuses for turning back, but he knew now that any excuse he should offer would only serve to arouse Murrell's ready suspicion and perhaps cause him to have to fight for his life.

The business of the password being over, Murrell began to talk to Stewart about Maymay Talliaferro, the sister of Toussaint Talliaferro.

"But I am afraid she will never learn to love me," he said despairingly. "If she doesn't, do you know what I am going to do? I'm going to take charge of an island as Jean Lafitte did of Grand Terre and afterward of Galveston Island, and build me a palace on it; and then I am going to have some of my henchmen kidnap her and bring her there, and she shall be my wife whether or no. You probably think that is a wild scheme and that I cannot carry it out; but I'll show you something in a few minutes that will prove to you that I can carry out whatever I undertake."

Ten minutes later they were crossing an old sedge-grass field and approaching the building known as Calloway's cotton gin. The place, tho not in use, was thoroly nailed up and utterly dark inside. Stewart wondered what it could contain, a strong box, possibly, with the accumulated loot of a hundred petty crimes. He was far from prepared for what he saw when Murrell unlocked a small door at the back and ushered him into the gloomy interior. The whole space was stacked full, literally bristling, with muskets of some European make, with gleaming bayonets fixed upon them. There was certainly not less than a thousand stand, and there might conceivably be two thousand.

"What do you think of it?" asked Murrell.

"Allow me to congratulate you," cried Stewart with feigned enthusiasm. "From now on I will think of John Murrell as a leader with infinite possibilities for military greatness before him."

"But now let us ride to the rendezvous," said Murrell. "There you will be convinced of my greatness beyond the possible shadow of a doubt."

THERE was nothing for Stewart to do but obey, and it was his best course if he ever expected to bring these evil conspirators to justice. All day the two lone horsemen pursued their journey westward. At dusk they came to a farmhouse on the bank of a bayou not far from the Mississippi. They hallooed and asked to get lodging for the night. The man of the house answered them gruffly, but finally consented for them to stay. Stewart stayed close to Murrell and their host all evening, as Murrell stayed close to him, and he observed that neither of the two passwords was used between them. Moreover, Murrell gave his name as Allison in introducing himself and introduced Stewart as Adam Huess. Thus Stewart knew that this man was not one of Murrell's henchmen, and during the night he managed to slip him a note with instructions that it was not to be opened and read till they were gone next day. The note read as follows:

To Dr. McGregor, Colonel Hemmenway, or any honest man:

The man calling himself Allison is the notorious John Murrell. He has an arsenal of perhaps a thousand muskets in Calloway's old ginhouse. He is now on his way to an island in the Mississippi near here to meet with several hundred of his followers. **Murrell is planning a negro uprising.**

I dare not sign or even date this note for fear I will be found to be the writer and killed. Search Calloway's cotton gin, but after that move quickly.

Murrell and *Stewart were on the road early next morning, but many had gone before them. Indeed, Stewart was conscious that several horsemen had passed during the long night, all going the same way. By 8 o'clock Stewart and Murrell, along with four others who had joined them, had reached the river bank. Leaving their horses in the swamp in charge of a runaway slave, they secured a boat and rowed across to an island so near the other side that it looked like a part of the wooded Arkansas coast."

There were hundreds of men on the island when they arrived, and all day long they continued to come. They seemed to come from everywhere—to spring from the damp soil—to drop from the clouds. Some came from up-river and steered to the island in huge rafts carrying both men and horses. Some came singly in "dugouts" and pirogues. Some swam their horses across the narrow current from the "Arkansas coast." Lastly a river packet loaded to the top of the pilot house with new cotton and speeding rapidly down the river slowed up in midstream long enough to put out a boat with four passengers.

And such a crowd as it was! The very ragtag of the South at that time. There were men from all walks of life, but all with a common mark upon them, the mark of the under dog—men who had tried to make a place for themselves in respectable society and had failed, or else men who had never tried at all. There were men there of strong intellects but weak wills, and men debauched with drink; but most of that motley throng consisted of what we call nowadays "born criminals." But still these men represented or pretended to represent many different professions. Stewart was introduced to more than one doctor or lawyer. He met several "professors" and "parsons" and was introduced to one newspaper man, and to two "judges," and a bona fide captain of the war of 1812, one Captain Purvis.

It was indeed a picturesque and rather dangerous-looking assembly that these men made as they sat about the great fallen logs that sunny autumn day, some drying their garments in the sun, some putting out set lines for the great man-size catfish of the Mississippi, others gathered about their leaders in gabbling, stertorian groups. Always and everywhere they talked and talked and talked. Mostly they talked in loud and boisterous tones, but some few spoke very low and very guardedly. These were the leaders. The air reeked with vile language, and all the talk was of gunpowder and blood, or knivings, blackmail, slave-theft and rapine. The burden of most of the talk was that the slaveholders and the wealthy in general must soon give a reckoning in blood and ashes to these on the island. The pass letters H-A-T-E were certainly appropriate for that crowd.

And these men seemed to have come together from the ends of the earth. You would hear one say, "Well, Bill,

***Editor's Note.—Virgil Stewart was the actual name that the real hero lived under while tracking the infamous John Murrell to his doom. Many of the scenes on Rendezvous Island described in this chapter and the next actually took place.**

Others have made fortunes from a very small investment and so may you. But you will have to act quickly. The time is short. Turn to the last page of this issue of the CHICAGO LEDGER now—this minute—and read my fair and square offer—man to man.

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how are things going in Nawth Cahrlina?" And another: "When I was in Washington last month," or, "Just before I left Key West" or "Havana" or "Galveston." Conspicuous among the ragtag was a party of Seminole Indians and a second party of Natchez, disgruntled with the United States Government and ready to join any revolt against it. There was also a large French-speaking contingent. Creoles from New Orleans and "Cajins" from the southern parishes of Louisiana. Mixed with these were a few Spaniards from the old settlements of Abbeville and Natchitoches.

Walking among the Creoles like a prince among his subjects, was a young man that Stewart at once recognized as Toussaint Talliaferro. He stood out in that ragtag crowd like a rose in a garbage pail or a drop of dew on a green-coated quagmire. That he was a gentlemen thru and thru would have been hard to doubt. He had the easy carriage, the clear eye, and the open countenance of a man of training and culture. He might have an evil strain in him from some source, but the blood of Spanish dons or English cavaliers certainly coursed thru those veins and mitigated the bad blood with which it mixed. Among those vile men John Murrell, who knew how to be a gentleman when occasion demanded it, threw off all show of decency, but this man Talliaferro never once ceased in all that bedlam of vileness and blasphemy to be a gentleman.

Stewart was surprised, however, by one circumstance; this man Talliaferro was slighted by more than one of the clansmen assembled there that day. Stewart could not understand it, any more than he could comprehend how a man of Talliaferro's evident refinement could bring himself to associate with such a gang of lawbreakers. He could account for it only one way: The man must be an Abolitionist fanatic.

CHAPTER VI
THE BLOOD TEST.

MURRELL was in the height of his glory in that rabble. He was to be seen everywhere, joking with this group, talking earnestly with that, directing the preparation for a formal meeting that night in the big square log house that had been erected a few days before for the purpose, literally seeing to everything at once. He knew every one, it seemed, the filthiest and dullest of the gathering he greeted like brothers. He spoke freely of his crimes, and related to Stewart how a month or so before he had killed a young boy for less than a thousand dollars.

At this narrative Stewart turned so sick with disgust and revulsion that he fairly reeled away from the monster; but, Murrell, regarding such a display of feeling as the result of youth and inexperience, patted Stewart on the back in a patronizing fashion, and told him he would teach him many tricks. At that moment Stewart felt that he could never come clean of all this moral filth; that should he escape from this island alive in spite of the bulky five thousand dollars on his person, he could never again feel free to associate with decent people.

But if he was outraged by the talk of murder, he was ten times more outraged before nightfall by murder itself, cold-blooded, deliberate, and public. It occurred in this manner: There were on the island that day some sixty or eighty runaway slaves waiting to be rafted down the river and sold there with the understanding that they were later to receive half the proceeds of the sale, to run away again and come back to Murrell and be resold. This process would be repeated several times, and at last, according to Murrell's promise, they were to be set free altogether. These poor blacks had allowed themselves to be gathered there, with little idea of the tragic import of the meeting. Still some few of them had vague suspicions that these white men might not give them an entirely square deal. One among their number, more intelligent than the rest, voiced this suspicion to his fellows; and John Murrell, who thru his spies learned almost immediately of it, marched the man out and in the presence of all his fellow blacks and of a hundred white men, including the horror-stricken Horace Stewart, shot the negro thru the head and ordered two of his henchmen to row him out into midstream and throw him to the channel cats. Stewart, who could scarcely choke down his indignation, turned his back upon the spectacle and walked away and thereby came all too near sharing the poor creature's fate.

Nothing was said to Stewart at the moment, but that night in the great log house where the formal meeting of the clan was held by the glare of smoking pine-knot torches and amid a perfect swarm of sizzing, stinging mosquitoes, when his time came to be formally initiated, it was brought up against him.

Here at the "regular" meeting there was noise and ribaldry and much drinking of "applejack" and corn whisky, and yet the leaders managed to maintain some semblance of order and to turn off business with great dispatch. The three places of honor were occupied by Murrell, Talliaferro and Wrenn, but Wrenn held the place tonight as Chief Inquisitor. Reports from the heads of various committees were heard and considered and many heads of local clans were heard from. This much money had been "collected"—by robbery of course—that dangerous citizen had been "removed"—by murder. So many guns and so much powder and lead and flint and tow had been "collected" at such and such a lonely spot.

Then came the big feature of the evening, the formal initiation of candidates. More than fifty were brought forward for initiation, and Stewart watched and listened with awful fascination as one after another was put "thru the mill." What would happen should one fail to qualify? That was the question that Stewart kept asking himself. There was little doubt in his mind that such a one would go like the negro to feed the fishes. Among the questions asked each candidate was: "What stroke of business have you done to prove yourself worthy to enter this august and mysterious order?" And in answer to this question the one vouching for the candidate would step forward and whisper something into Wrenn's ear. Stewart wondered what murders and robberies, and other hideous crimes were being whispered there. Having been vouched for in this fashion to the satisfaction of the Chief Inquisitor, the candidate took a bloodthirsty oath full of hatred to the landowning and slave-holding classes and a vow to turn up any "traitor to the cause" that he should apprehend in order that such a traitor might be immediately "executed," he was led out and given the two passwords of the order.

Stewart was reserved for the last, and all the other candidates had the opportunity of witnessing his trial. With a sinking heart he came to the stand. He was recommended for initiation by John Murrell. This was one point in his favor, and he was determined to play the game out boldly. He knew that much more than his own life depended upon its outcome. If he lived to escape he would save the South from a baptism of blood; if he were lost, it would come unless their gruff host of the night before should act and act promptly. It made matters worse for the young Georgian that his old enemy Tom Wrenn was in charge. This Wrenn was a bearded, slovenly, foul-mouthed scoundrel, a brute who loved bloodshed as a swine loves the mire. Stewart felt that he would have little chance here, especially as Wrenn was ambitious for the place that Murrell intended to give him as soon as he was properly initiated.

"What stroke of business have you done to prove yourself worthy to enter this august and mysterious order?" asked Wrenn.

Murrell leaned over and Stewart heard the whispered words: "Tried to kill Colonel Hemmenway."

Wrenn shook his head. "I know of that affair," he said aloud. "May it please your Royal Highness, you yourself told me that altho this young man had a pistol he tried to drag Hemmenway from his horse with his hands."

At this an uproar broke out in the assembly with cries of, "Kill the aristocrat. Down with the slave-holder."

MURRELL rapped loud for order and took the floor himself.

"Clansmen," he said, "it is true Mr. Stewart has done no stroke of business as yet, but he joined us only the day before yesterday. Suppose we exact of him a promise to kill Colonel Hemmenway at sight and let him off at that?"

"Your Royal Highness," cried Wrenn, springing to his feet, "it is a rule of this order, as you know, that a youngster like this who has never done a stroke of business shall qualify by taking the blood test. I insist, therefore, so please your Royal Highness, that the blood test be now prepared and that this youngster take it in due form before being admitted."

There was a lengthy and stormy discussion, and the question of the blood test was finally tabled for the time being.

"I wish to ask this aristocrat some questions," said Copeland rising and pushing forward. "First, why, Mr. Stewart, did you turn your back and walk away this afternoon when the nigger was executed?"

"A nigger more or less is nothing to me," replied Stewart with sangfroid.

"All right," said Copeland, "but, fellow clansmen, I wish to ask one more question, and in asking it I will prove to you all that this man is a traitor and a spy. I will prove to you that he knew our passwords at least six hours before authorized to impart that knowledge to him had done so. He is not yet supposed to have them, but he knows them and has made use of them."

Once more Murrell was on his feet. "Clansmen," he said, "I can clear Mr. Stewart of that charge. I gave him the passwords myself."

"Will your Royal Highness state to us exactly the day and the hour that you imparted this knowledge to him?" asked Wrenn with an elaborate salute.

"I gave them to him yesterday morning about 9 o'clock."

"All right," shouted Copeland, "I have here two witnesses, Mr. Finley, and the Grand Chief Inquisitor, who will both swear that they heard him use these passwords at least six hours before that."

For a moment the room was so still that the buzzing of the mosquitoes became painfully audible. Stewart turned toward John Murrell and his lips moved to speak, but his words were suddenly drowned by the voices of Wrenn and Finley.

"It's the truth; It's the truth! Traitor, spy, aristocrat!" Immediately bedlam broke loose in the assembly. "Get a rope!" Get a rope!" shouted a dozen voices, the voices of Wrenn's paid partisans.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Murrell and Talliaferro finally succeeded in re-establishing some semblance of quiet. Stewart felt his heart in his throat. He was no coward, but it takes a brave man indeed to stand in a den of rattlesnakes and not feel a qualm. But when at length he was allowed to speak, voice and hand were both under perfect control.

"Tom Wrenn, I have this to say," he began; but once more a pandemonium of voices drowned his words, and once more it was all Murrell and Talliaferro could do to restore order. "Night before last," continued Stewart, "I was in a room in Finley's Tavern, and you and Copeland rode up and shouted to Finley that you were two of Murrell's men. Tom Wrenn, you know what Finley said to you. He said, 'The H you say,' and Copeland answered right out, 'A-men to that.' Then Finley said, 'We haven't any coffee, but we have some T,' and Copeland fairly shouted, 'E-nough said.' That is how I learned H-A-T-E; a fool could have caught on to it, the way they gave it."

There was a buzz of angry voices, and Murrell cried: "That's just your style, Copeland. I've warned you and Wrenn both that you're too damned loud and loose with your tongues. You'll give the whole game away."

"How about you knowing the word Talliaferro, Mr. Stewart?" demanded Wrenn, determined not to be downed.

"Why, any fool would know to say 'Ferro,' when the other kept shouting 'Tallia, Tallia' over and over as you did. Especially," he added, turning with a bow to him of that name, "especially if he knew Toussaint Talliaferro as I did and knew him to be a prince of men."

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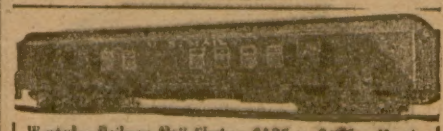

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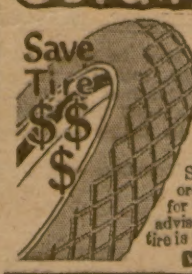

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Stewart's examination proceeded. Wrenn accused him of being a spy in the employ of Colonel Hemmenway, and Stewart in turn accused Wrenn of chicanering to try to remove him from his path in order that he himself might become first lieutenant of the Clan. Thus Stewart held his own with the opposition till the question of his blood test again came up.

Talliaferro arose and moved that the blood test be set aside, or at least postponed, reminding them that John Murrell had confidence in Stewart and that the young Georgian had promised to kill Colonel Hemmenway on sight. A hubbub of objection followed this motion, and when a spectacled abolitionist from Boston arose to second it there was a general guffaw at his action, in which John Murrell joined among the loudest; and Tom Wrenn, still laughing, shouted: "Sit down, you're out of order. You was suspended at a secret caucus this afternoon on a charge of talkin' too much, an' you're to be the subject in this blood test. So, you see, you cain't offer resolutions, onless," he added with a horrible chuckle, "onless the fatted calf could offer resolutions when the Prodigal come home."

Another roar of laughter greeted this witticism, and Stewart's hopes fell as he heard Murrell's laugh among the others. The delegates from Boston sank down upon a bench, each shaking like a leaf, whining and stammering the most abject apologies. His attitude of extreme fear gave Stewart a sudden keen insight into how terrible a reputation the clan really had. Stewart felt now that he was a marked man. He understood now that the "blood test" implied to commit murder there in sight of the assembled company. His game was played out, he told himself. But if he had to kill or be killed he would kill first Wrenn and then the monster, John Murrell; and then, if Talliaferro could not or would not protect him, he would sell his life dearly.

"What is this blood test?" he demanded. "Am I required to kill a man here tonight?"

"Sure!" shouted three or four, including Wrenn.

"All right, then," shouted Stewart, snatching a long knife from the council table and leaping at Wrenn, "I'll kill you."

If Talliaferro had not leaped forward and struck down his arm, he would cer-- Wrenn's side.

"Good! good!" shouted Murrell, not knowing how near death he himself had been. "Good! You've stood the blood test all right. Wrenn himself can testify to that." And everybody shouted and laughed and expressed themselves as satisfied; that is, everybody except a dozen or so of Wrenn's henchmen. These swore deep oaths of revenge behind their beards, and made up their mind to bide their time.

CHAPTER VII.

A WOMAN OF THE PURPLE.

THE raft of negroes was started down the river a little before daybreak next morning with Copeland and a man named Russell in charge. The crowd dispersed, melted away in the foggy autumn dawn. Murrell had named Stewart second lieutenant, placing only Talliaferro over him, and had given Tom Wrenn a place that might be called third lieutenant and chief organizer.

"You will go down the river with Talliaferro," said Murrell. "His sister, Miss Maymay, has the roster of our clan, the list of names with addresses and occupation, and I want you to get a copy of it to study. Four of our 'Cajin rowers will take you down. I will be down by the time the niggers arrive. Captain Purvis and I have some business here for a day or two."

Words cannot express how well pleased young Stewart was with this arrangement. If his note to McGregor had not miscarried a sheriff's posse ought to be waiting to arrest Murrell the moment he started traveling unprotected. As for Stewart's own safety, he expected to escape from Talliaferro and the Acadians at the first opportunity.

Just before the departure of the chieftans from the island, Stewart received another shock, one that showed him the perilous position in which he was standing. They entered the great log house which some slaves under Murrell's direction were preparing to set on fire; and there before the council table, lying on the dirt floor in a pool of blood was the Bostonian.

"Look here, Toliver," said Wrenn, laughing brutally and looking at Stewart to see how he took the thing; "behold here the fatted calf that rose last night to second your resolution."

"He has gone the way of all fanatics," said Talliaferro, looking sadly down at the corpse. "I also follow after him; but if I live till the sympathy of the North and of certain great European powers have been enlisted in this noble cause, then the clan may do with me as with him."

Stewart was soon to learn that a fanatic is as dangerous an enemy as a criminal. That bright autumn afternoon those two got into a long boat and the Acadian rowers sped them lightly over the seething, chocolate-colored waters of the Mississippi. That night they drifted past Memphis, dark and silent above the water, and the next morning a little after sunrise they hailed the raft load of human merchandise. That was indeed a filthy and bestial lot of human creatures, most of them sunk deep in brutality by the brutality practiced upon them; and there was more than one who had shed white blood in order to gain a temporary freedom. It is hard for the reader living less than ninety years later to conceive the conditions that obtained over a good portion of the South in 1835. John Murrell and the likes of him had paralyzed law and its administration. If a man lost a slave he simply said, "John Murrell's got him; it's no use for me to try to get him back." If a whole family were found murdered in a lonely plantation house, people said: "It's Murrell's gang. We'd better keep hands off or we're liable to share the same fate."

As the long boat shot past the cumbersome raft, there were hails back and forth, and Talliaferro threw Copeland a message from Murrell.

"Those fellows," said Talliaferro, speaking in English so that the Acadian rowers would not understand, "are sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. And who has done this thing? Their white masters. I wish we had in the South today a Toussaint L'Ouverture, a man with a vision for the future of his people."

"L'Ouverture was only a negro," replied Stewart a little haughtily.

"Ah, you are like all the others," cried Talliaferro; "you think a negro can do nothing. But you—you are of the conquering race. You are a white Georgian of cavalier stock. I believe you are destined to become the leader of this great movement for the liberation of the slaves. Any man who heard and saw you last night when that scoundrel Wrenn was trying to persecute you might easily guess that."

"Talliaferro," said Stewart, "you're a strange man to me. I know that you are not of the ilk of that ragtag we saw on the island. You are as much above John Murrell as a white man is above a negro"—Tallaiferro gave a conscious start at these words—"And listen, Talliaferro, that man Murrell is never going to help you serve your ends. You are honorable and are honestly interested in the liberation of the slaves; he is interested in nothing save booty and blood-lust."

"Do you know that what you are saying is high treason to the clan?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," replied Stewart. "But I am talking now privately as man to man, and I presume I am talking to a gentleman."

"I will not betray you," replied Talliaferro, "so long as you do nothing to injure the cause I love, or try to escape. I may inform you now that these boatmen are Murrell's paid spies, and that they as well as I are instructed to keep you from escaping. They are watching me, too, so far as that goes. I wish to add that if you do anything against the clan I shall shoot you as I would a partridge."

"Then while we are speaking frankly," said Stewart, "let me tell you that Wrenn and Murrell would gladly see you where that Bostonian is. They will put you there as soon as they can dispense with your hundreds of Creole followers. One other thing, Murrell plans later to abduct your sister to some lonely island and force her to become his wife."

"Be careful how you speak of my sister."

"I am speaking the truth. I am repeating Murrell's own declaration."

"Stewart, you don't understand John Murrell. He is really a great man. He, like myself, has been sadly mistreated by the rich, and he therefore hates them just as I do. The spirit of the French Revolution is in both of us. He may have spoken that way about my sister when he was drinking. He respects her when he is sober. Moreover, he cannot do without me and her; my sister and I control more men and money and munitions than he and all his followers together."

Stewart sighed. He saw how unreasonable a fanatic can be. "Yes, Toussaint," he said, "we all have in us the spirit of '93; but you are Danton, honest old Danton, while Murrell is the common cutthroat Marat.",

Four days later the long boat, having made a record trip down the river, was hauled up on the "German Coast" above New Orleans, and that night the little party entered the city. Stewart had had no opportunity for escape, and Talliaferro informed him now that he would be shadowed wherever he went until he actually stood the test of blood or did some notable deed to convince Murrell that he was absolutely loyal to the clan.

Here's an interesting situation, indeed. Stewart, head over heels in love with the charming Elizabeth Hemmenway, is about to meet a famous beauty of another type, a lovely Creole girl for whose heart and hand many a proud cavalier would yield his life. Love is omnipresent, even in the midst of strife; therefore, which of the beauties is fated to reign supreme in the young Georgian's future endeavors? Readers will await the meeting of Horace and Maymay with keen interest. Big developments in part three, next week.

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—Adv.

The Professor Starts Something.

"A-HEM!" said the professor who had been called upon by the reckless boarder to explain something. "You see it is like this: We never know what anything really is. We only know what it looks like, smells like, feels like or tastes like. In other words, we only know how it affects our senses.

"When we get up at night and run into an open door, we know what it feels like. We know that it has resistance. When we pick up a heavy piece of iron we know that it has weight. We know that the door or the iron feels rough or smooth, has little or no odor, emits little or no sound vibration when disturbed, and is almost tasteless. But that is all we know about it. That, of course, is not what a door is.

"Flowers are conspicuous in their odor. They emit no sound and have little to distinguish them as to touch. Violins, pianos and such things are very sensitive to vibrations and emit no odor——"

"That's a blessing!" gushed the optimistic boarder. "We should be thankful that a wise Providence has arranged it that way. If jazz smelled like a glue factory we'd have to hire people to go to the dances, and if glue had a pretty sound like jazz we would all pay admission and war tax gladly for the right to visit the glue factory."

"The metaphysical, philosophical way of apprehending things would be a great inconvenience at times," declared the cynical boarder. "Take, for instance, your sweetheart's eyebrow. It isn't her eyebrow, for most of the hairs have been pulled out. It isn't the young woman's marcel wave that you admire, because that's false, and it isn't her ears, because they are covered up."

"You know a girl by her voice," suggested the pretty teacher.

"Not necessarily," replied the argumentative boarder. "If you were in the next room or upstairs or down in the cellar you wouldn't know your sweetheart's voice from that of the poll parrot or the phonograph. I read a poem once about a man who thought he heard his sweetheart's voice calling him across the lake. He rowed over there and found that it was only a guinea hen."

"When any young man cannot tell the voice of his sweetheart from that of a phonograph or a guinea hen it is evident either that he has a wretched ear or else the young woman has a voice that needs to be sandpapered," said the practical boarder. "If he had confused the music of his sweetheart's voice with the beauty of a starry night or a sunrise in the Alps or with the scent of a rose that would be easy to understand. When a man is in love his senses are entitled to any sublime aberration and confusion. If he doesn't make mistakes of this kind his girl will think he has a cold soul, and she will can him at the first opportunity unless he has a good income."

"One of the things that we ought to be thankful for," persisted the optimistic boarder, "is that jazz is only sound. If it had anything in it that we could feel it would knock us out, and if it had an odor it would asphyxiate us."

"But think," suggested the poetic boarder, "how delicious if the tender little bluebell had a tintinnabulating sound to correspond with its tints!"

"You wouldn't be able to hear it above the jazz of the sunflowers," declared the practical boarder in a tone that carried conviction.

Critics Who Don't See Plays.

SOME real critics of plays do not write their opinions, nor are the "first nighters." There are several of them in a public-stenographer office in the theater district. They have typed so many manuscripts for authors and managers that they feel competent to match their judgment of a play with any of them. Also, some of them are "so fed up" on plays that they declare they hope never to see inside a theater.

"We have much fun watching the progress of some of the plays that pass thru our office," said the manager. "The girls discuss the plays, and we have some real arguments. 'Say, this is awful stuff,' one of the girls is likely to say. Another will reply: 'The second act ain't so bad. Got a good situation here, but the lines have got to be rewritten.' Then the girl typing the third act is likely to join in with: 'If this gets by, I'm going to write one myself. At least I won't have to waste a lot of money hiring some one else to type it.'

"After the play leaves us we watch its progress with genuine interest. Sometimes with sympathy. We not only do work for well-known authors, but once in a while we get something from an unknown, and there is where the greatest interest lies. Sometimes we don't hear anything about the manuscript again, then sometimes after a year or so we get an order to copy the parts, and we're glad for the new author's sake that he's found a manager. Then some of the girls worry a little and hope the play will go over.

"Usually we can pick out the successes and failures about as well as the managers—sometimes I think a little better."

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MAKE $100 WEEKLY SELLING ROLLY'S Washday Wonder. New chemical dirt solvent. Harmless. Cleans without rubbing. Want agents and crew managers. Free samples and particulars. Rolly Chemical Company, K2 Hastings, Nebraska.

AGENTS: $40 A WEEK SELLING GUARAN- teed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 111, Dayton, Ohio.

$100 to $300 MONTHLY DISTRIBUTING coffee; spare or full time. Guaranteed quality; sells less than retail. Experience unnecessary. Goldman Co., Dept. J, 340 River St., Chicago.

AGENTS!—WRITE AT ONCE FOR FREE book, "Showers of Gold." It tells a story of absorbing interest and points the way to big earnings. Hercules Hosiery Mills, 1224 Girard Avenue, Department B, Philadelphia.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING guaranteed reversible waterproof kitchen aprons. Write and learn how to obtain a sample without cost. Moss Apron Company, 1037 Pilot Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

NEW INVENTION. OIL GAUGE FOR Fords. Sells on sight. Big profits. Small investment. Exclusive territory. Unusual opportunity for agents and salesmen. Address Sales Mgr., 414 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

SELL ORIENTAL PEARL NECKLACES. Best agents proposition in the U. S. Immense profits. Write for special sales plan. McAllister, Importer, 1499 Union St., San Francisco, Calif.

WANTED: AGENTS TO SELL THE GREAT- est set of Nature books ever published. Big commission. Sells on sight. Inquire Desk B353, Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Nebr.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR- ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—EVERY WOMAN WANTS JOLLY- Molly house dresses. Big profits. No capital needed. Commission advanced. Domestic Products Co., 300 Davies Bldg., Dayton, O.

BIG PROFITS IN PORTRAITS AND ODD sized frames. Sample and catalogue free. Credit to honest agents. N. W. Friedman & Co., Manufacturer, Martinsburg, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN: MAKE sparkling glass name plates, number, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 305 Wooster, O.

350% PROFIT SELLING KLEAN-RITE Magic Clothes Washing Wonder. Sells 25c. Profit 19c. Sample free. Bestever Products Co., 1941-G7 Irving Park, Chicago.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREAT- est dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

HELP WANTED

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS RAILWAY mail clerks. Men-women over 17, $135-$190 month. Steady work. List positions free. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 26, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

BIG MONEY MADE SILVERING MIRRORS, metal plating, refinishing. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—1500 RAILWAY TRAFFIC IN- spectors; no experience; train for this profession thru sparetime home-study; easy terms; $110 to $300 monthly and expenses guaranteed, or money back. Outdoors; local or traveling; under big men who reward ability. Get free booklet CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPOR- tunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

SPLENDID CLERICAL WORK OPPOR- tunity. Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money. Chautauqua Business Builders, Jamestown, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 636 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

DETECTIVES, SHERIFFS, MARSHALS, PO- licemen. Make more money. Scientific system. The Detective Educational Bureau, 1323 Gross Ave., East Saint Louis, Illinois.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN- necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

BOYS-MEN—BECOME MOTOR EXPERTS. $40 week. Learn while earning. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 404, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective. 100 St. Louis.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—WOMEN TO SHOW NEW AND revolutionary product for making all jams and jellies quickly, surely and economically. Sells itself, and repeats in big quantities. Absolutely pure—highly endorsed. Send 30 cents for trial bottle and full particulars. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Pectin Sales Co., 366 East Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

$35 WEEK. WOMEN WANTED. BECOME dress designers. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 505, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

CLERKS (MEN, WOMEN), OVER 17, FOR postal mail service. $120 month. Experience unnecessary. For free particulars of examinations, write J. Leonard (former Civil Service Examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

PATENTS

INVENTORS. BEFORE DISCLOSING YOUR idea to others write for our "Evidence of Disclosure" form. Send sketch or model of your invention for examination and advice. Ask for free book "How to obtain a Patent." Avoid dangerous delays. Write today. Merton-Roberts & Co., 100 Mather Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CON- tains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DON'T INVEST IN OIL BEFORE YOU you read The Texas Investor. Knowledge is power. As an experienced operator, in my Weekly Magazine, I give you facts and information that you positively cannot afford to be without. A few dollars invested right and at the right time can do more than thousands invested thoughtlessly. My new syndicate plan of handling valuable leases in richest oil field in the world is placing those who are co-operating with me in line for tremendous profits. Write for trial subscription free. C. C. Cannan, 649 Cannan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

MAKE $50 TO $75 A WEEK. LEARN AUTO painting at home. Paint your own car—and friends' cars. New book tells how. No correspondence course. Book is complete, authoritative, illustrated. Written by experts of long experience. Regular price $1.00. Special price to introduce only 25c postpaid. Illinois Auto Paint Co., Dept. D, 159 N. State St., Chicago.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU- sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $3 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE MAP, TRANS-PECOS OIL FIELDS, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information. Schimmel Co., Suite 761, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

TREAT WITH HERBS FRESH FROM NA- ture, fields, forests. 25 nonsecret formulaes of herbs, barks, roots, etc., absolutely free. Simply send name and address, postcard will do. Wonderful results reported in all kinds of diseases. Give Nature a chance. Trial convinces. Herb Tablet Co., Box 10B, Hutchinson, Kansas.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

BACKACHE AND KIDNEY AILMENTS, Ed's Rochell Salt Compound Tablets, 10, 25, 50c. Andula Medicine Co., Troy, N. Y.

PILES—CURED OR NO PAY; $2.00 IF cured. Remedy sent on trial. Kuro Remedy Company, Kansas City, Mo.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

GOOD HARDWOOD LANDS IN MICHIGAN, well located; 20, 40, 80 acre tracts $15 to $30 per acre. Small payment down, terms low as $10 per month. We help you. Send for free booklet. Swigart Land Co., X-1245, First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

BOYS AND GIRLS

EASY VACATION MONEY—BOYS AND girls—sell Scholls' waterproof kitchen aprons. No investment required. Every woman buys this household necessity on sight. Write for samples, giving parents' name as well as your own. Address Scholl Specialty Co., 2411 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago.

PHOTOGRAPHY

FREE ENLARGEMENT 5 x 7 INCHES FROM each roll sent us for developing and finishing. Mail your films today, or send for prices and particulars. Topeka Photo Supply Co., Box 427, Topeka, Kans.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE- stone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG-POEMS WANTED. SEND POEMS for free examination and acceptance. Begin to make your talent pay. Get acquainted with our plan to effect quick royalties or outright sale. We furnish music. Copyright same, under common sense contract. Booklet, "Making Songs Pay," free. Music Publishers Service, Dept. 3, 1431 Broadway, N. Y. C.

YOU WRITE WORDS FOR A SONG—WE write the music, publish, and secure a copyright. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 212, Chicago, Illinois.

PHOTOPLAYS

MAKE MONEY WRITING PHOTOPLAYS. Easily learned spare hours. New book by Emerson and Loos, famous scenarioists, teaches you quickly—makes success certain. Get it now; $2.00 complete. Friedman Co., 5014M Vernon, St. Louis.

PERSONAL

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST, ESTABLISHED 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 24, Oakland, Calif.

305 MONEY-MAKING PLANS ONLY 10c. Fields service, Box 22, Carson Station, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS $10. SU- perfluous hair killed $5.00. Write Knapp Trio, 378 Pleasant Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

WEALTHY WIDOW, 23, WANTS TO marry. F-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down condition should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN — NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE tried or how old your case our tablet preparation rapidly overcomes all such conditions; it gives greater strength, restores in less time and at less cost than anything under the sun. The tablet with the wonderful reputation. $1 per box, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Co., Dept. A, Station E, Box 50, Toledo, Ohio.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 33 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE CAN find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO- ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 23 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. People's Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PIC- tures and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

BALDNESS. INDIANS' GENUINE RECIPE for growing hair. Astonishing results after all else failed. Proof box, 10 cents, postpaid. Kotalko Offices, BH-473, Station X, New York.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI- Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — GIRL, 19, WORTH $35,000; widow, 40, worth $55,000; hundreds wealthy. List free. Sunflower Club, B-40, Cimarron, Kansas.

GENTLEMEN, JOIN OUR CLUB AND RE- ceive 100 ladies' names and address. Rich and poor. Membership $1.00. Don't send stamps. Miss Beauiah Brown, Albemarle, N. C.

MARRY RICH—PAPER WITH NAMES, AD- dresses, descriptions, pictures, 25c. Sent sealed. Box 1511-B, Memphis, Tenn.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE- scriptions and photos. Benafde Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, PAR- ticulars free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

NAMES, ADDRESSES, DESCRIPTIONS OF ladies desiring marriage; sealed, 20c. Select Club, B., Topeka, Kans.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLI- cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

IF YOU WANT HEALTHY, WEALTHY, loving wife, write Violet Rays, Dennison, Ohio, enclosing stamped envelope.

LADIES DESIRING HUSBAND OF WEALTH and health, write Box 36, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

WEALTHY BUSINESS MAN, 32, WILL marry. V-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, AGE 26, WORTH $10,- 000, will marry. Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

LADY, 32, WITH $30,000, WOULD MARRY. I-Box 325, Club, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

WIDOW, 45, WORTH $100,000, WANTS husband. L-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 9, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 25 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 25. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Mintie Silmon wishes to hear from, or concerning Mrs. Rosie Bias. Will meet her sure any time in July. Could not meet her last month on account of expenses, but am ready any time now.

If you believe as I do, that a business can be founded on MERIT, built on CONFIDENCE and operated on HONOR, then I ask you to join me.

EUGENE C. HOWE, Trustee

I am doing business on NEW PRINCIPLES, founded on true co-operation and equitable profit-sharing.

I have abandoned the beaten path of usual business customs and adopted NEW METHODS, built on the BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

I have broken away from the practices of Stock Companies, with their high salaried officers, stock salesmen, promoters, underwriters, etc.

I have discarded the methods of corporations, with their watered stock, useless directors, extravagances, red tape and graft.

I have adopted the TRUSTEE METHOD of fair and square business dealings—Man to man—True co-operation—Profit-sharing without Profiteering.

AND I HAVE MADE GOOD!

November 25, 1920, I started the TRUSTEE METHOD of Oil Operation.

May 25, 1921,—just six months later—I had over 100 barrels a day production in Oklahoma, and brought in a well making over 300 barrels a day in Kentucky.

This was at the rate of $690 a day, $20,700 a month, or $248,400 a year.

It is equivalent to nearly 100% per year on the investment.

These earnings from production will enable me to start paying big dividends by Sept. 1st—possibly by August 1st.

My geologist has also located three great oil structures in Oklahoma, on one of which I am now drilling.

If we strike a BIG GUSHER on any one of these three structures, our fortunes are made.

In that event, the books will be closed and no further subscriptions will be accepted.

Send for my geologist's report on these big oil structures. Read it, and then see what YOU think our chances are of striking a gusher.

I ask you to join me in this great co-operative, profit-sharing enterprise.

Send for my literature at once. John D. says the way to make BIG money out of oil is to buy BEFORE oil is struck—not afterwards.

BIG wealth comes from the bowels of the earth. Fabulous profits are made from diamond mines, gold mines, silver mines, coal mines; but OIL offers the greatest and surest field for getting a big income from a small investment.

STAGGERING PROFITS MAY BE MADE FROM THE PRODUCTION OF OIL, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST TAINT OF PROFITEERING, for whosoever raises a barrel of oil to the surface of the earth, enriches the world just that much, and NOT at the expense or injury of some other person.

The history of the oil business is that the price of crude oil was never reduced that it did not come back again and then go higher than ever before.

I believe history will repeat itself.

I am confident that we will soon see the price of crude oil higher than it has ever been.

BUT, IN THE MEANTIME, I WANT TO BE IN A POSITION TO BUY SOME GOOD OIL PROPERTIES WHILE THE PRICE IS LOW, AND I AM NOW RAISING THE CAPITAL FOR THAT PURPOSE.

If you believe in my TRUSTEE METHOD (which is true co-operation and practical profit-sharing)—if you believe as I do, that a business can be founded on MERIT, built on CONFIDENCE, and operated on HONOR—then I know you will subscribe to the limit of your ability.

If you have $1,000, either in cash or bonds, don't hesitate to send it, for I don't believe you could make a better investment, where it will earn great big money.

If you haven't $1,000, send $800, or $600, or $500—whatever you can spare. Every investor, from the smallest to the biggest, will receive the same fair and square deal—man to man.

So if you haven't $500, send $400, or $300, or $200, or $100. You don't have to pay it all down in advance, unless you want to. You can pay 10% per month.

If you feel you can't afford to subscribe for even $100, send $75.00, or $50.00, or $25.00—or even $10.00.

Don't wait to investigate.

Send your subscription TODAY and do your investigating TOMORROW.

I print my full and complete Subscription Blank, so you can see and read the full conditions under which your subscription is sent.

If you subscribe for any amount, and are not satisfied with your investment, for any reason whatsoever, I WILL REFUND THE AMOUNT PAID ME, upon request within 30 days from date investment is made, and no questions asked.

I don't want any man or woman associated with me who is not only willing, but GLAD, to join me.

If you delay, and wait, and think it over, and put it off, you will be too late. Action—PROMPT ACTION—is the slogan.

Any one of the three great oil structures I propose to drill may produce a BIG GUSHER.

Then no more subscriptions will be accepted. Then those who delayed will find they have missed a BIG THING.

If I strike JUST ONE big gusher, it will mean fabulous earnings. THEN I WON'T NEED ANY MORE CAPITAL. Then the books will be closed.

FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO IS ANCIENT HISTORY IN THE OIL BUSINESS.

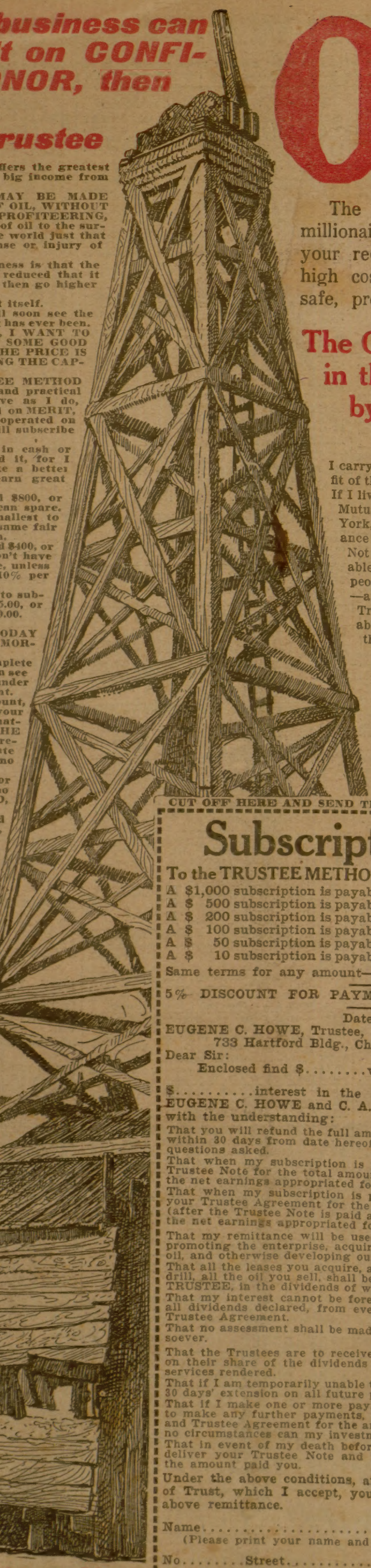
Your opportunity is now—RIGHT NOW.

CLIP THE SUBSCRIPTION BLANK AND SEND TODAY.

EUGENE C. HOWE
Trustee
733 Hartford Bldg.
CHICAGO

My Plan in a Nutshell

1. I obligate myself to repay, dollar for dollar, the money you send me, and also divide the profits with you.
2. I give my TRUSTEE NOTES for all subscriptions when fully paid, and set aside 75% of the net earnings appropriated for dividends to pay same.
3. I carry $100,000 LIFE INSURANCE for the protection of those who invest their money with me. If I live I expect to make good, and if I die, the Mutual Life Insurance Company makes good.
4. I get no salary, but depend on my share of the dividends for my compensation.
5. I acquire nothing personally with Trustee funds. All the land, leases, tanks, pipe, and all other physical property belong to the investors. I have no ownership in it.
6. The Association is now earning a good profit from operating income and will soon start paying dividends.
7. If you are not satisfied with your investment, for any reason whatsoever, I will refund amounts paid me, upon request within thirty days, and no questions asked.
8. NO ASSESSMENTS shall be made, and you incur no liability.
9. If you are temporarily unable to make your payments, due to sickness or loss of job, 30 DAYS EXTENSION WILL BE ALLOWED.
10. If you make one or more payments, and then find it IMPOSSIBLE to make any further payments, I give you my TRUSTEE NOTE and TRUSTEE AGREEMENT for the amount actually paid me. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES CAN YOUR INVESTMENT BE FORFEITED.
11. $1,000 is the largest subscription I will accept. This is an enterprise for WAGE-EARNERS AND SMALL INVESTORS—not for Capitalists.



No Company
No Corporation
No Capital Stock
No Officers
No Assessments
No Forfeitures
No Red Tape
No Graft

Just Fair and Square Business Dealings—Man to Man

OIL

The Liquid Gold which makes millionaires over night. Make up your reduction in wages and the high cost of living by one good, safe, profitable investment.

The Only Oil Enterprise in the World Backed by $100,000 Life Insurance

I carry $100,000 life insurance for the benefit of those who invest their money with me. If I live I expect to make good. If I die the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, one of the oldest and safest insurance companies in the world, makes good. Not one penny of this insurance is payable to my heirs or to my estate. The people who invest their money with me—are my beneficiaries, and under a Trust Agreement the insurance is payable to them, according to the amount they have invested.

Send this Subscription Blank TODAY with your Remittance

CUT OFF HERE AND SEND THE SUBSCRIPTION BLANK BELOW.

Subscription Blank

To the TRUSTEE METHOD of Square Deal Oil Operation

A $1,000 subscription is payable $100 down, and $100 per month.
A $ 500 subscription is payable $ 50 down, and $ 50 per month.
A $ 200 subscription is payable $ 20 down, and $ 20 per month.
A $ 100 subscription is payable $ 10 down, and $ 10 per month.
A $ 50 subscription is payable $ 5 down, and $ 5 per month.
A $ 10 subscription is payable $ 1 down, and $ 1 per month.

Same terms for any amount—10% down and 10% per month.

5% DISCOUNT FOR PAYMENT IN FULL IN ADVANCE.

Date.....192....

EUGENE C. HOWE, Trustee,
733 Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 733

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find $.....which is.....payment for a (Part or Full) $.....interest in the ASSOCIATED OIL PRODUCERS, EUGENE C. HOWE and C. A. LEEPER, Trustees. This is sent with the understanding:

That you will refund the full amount sent you herewith, upon request within 30 days from date hereof, for any reason whatsoever, and no questions asked.

That when my subscription is paid in full, you will give me your Trustee Note for the total amount, and set aside 75% of my share of the net earnings appropriated for dividends, to pay and redeem same.

That when my subscription is paid in full, you will ALSO give me your Trustee Agreement for the total amount, which shall entitle me (after the Trustee Note is paid and redeemed) to 50% of my share of the net earnings appropriated for dividends.

That my remittance will be used only for the legitimate expense of promoting the enterprise, acquiring oil leases, producing and selling oil, and otherwise developing our properties.

That all the leases you acquire, all the land you buy, all the wells you drill, all the oil you sell, shall be in the name of EUGENE C. HOWE, TRUSTEE, in the dividends of which I shall participate.

That my interest cannot be forefeited, but that I will participate in all dividends declared, from every source, as long as I retain your Trustee Agreement.

That no assessment shall be made, and that I incur no liability whatsoever.

That the Trustees are to receive no salaries, but they are to depend on their share of the dividends declared for their compensation for services rendered.

That if I am temporarily unable to make my payments, I will be given 30 days' extension on all future payments.

That if I make one or more payments, and then find it IMPOSSIBLE to make any further payments, you will give me your Trustee Note and Trustee Agreement for the amount actually paid you. That under no circumstances can my investment be forfeited.

That in event of my death before completing my payments, you will deliver your Trustee Note and Trustee Agreement to my heirs for the amount paid you.

Under the above conditions, and the terms of your Declaration of Trust, which I accept, you may send me a receipt for the above remittance.

Name.....R. F. D.....
(Please print your name and address—or write very plainly.)

No.....Street.....Box No.....

Town.....State.....